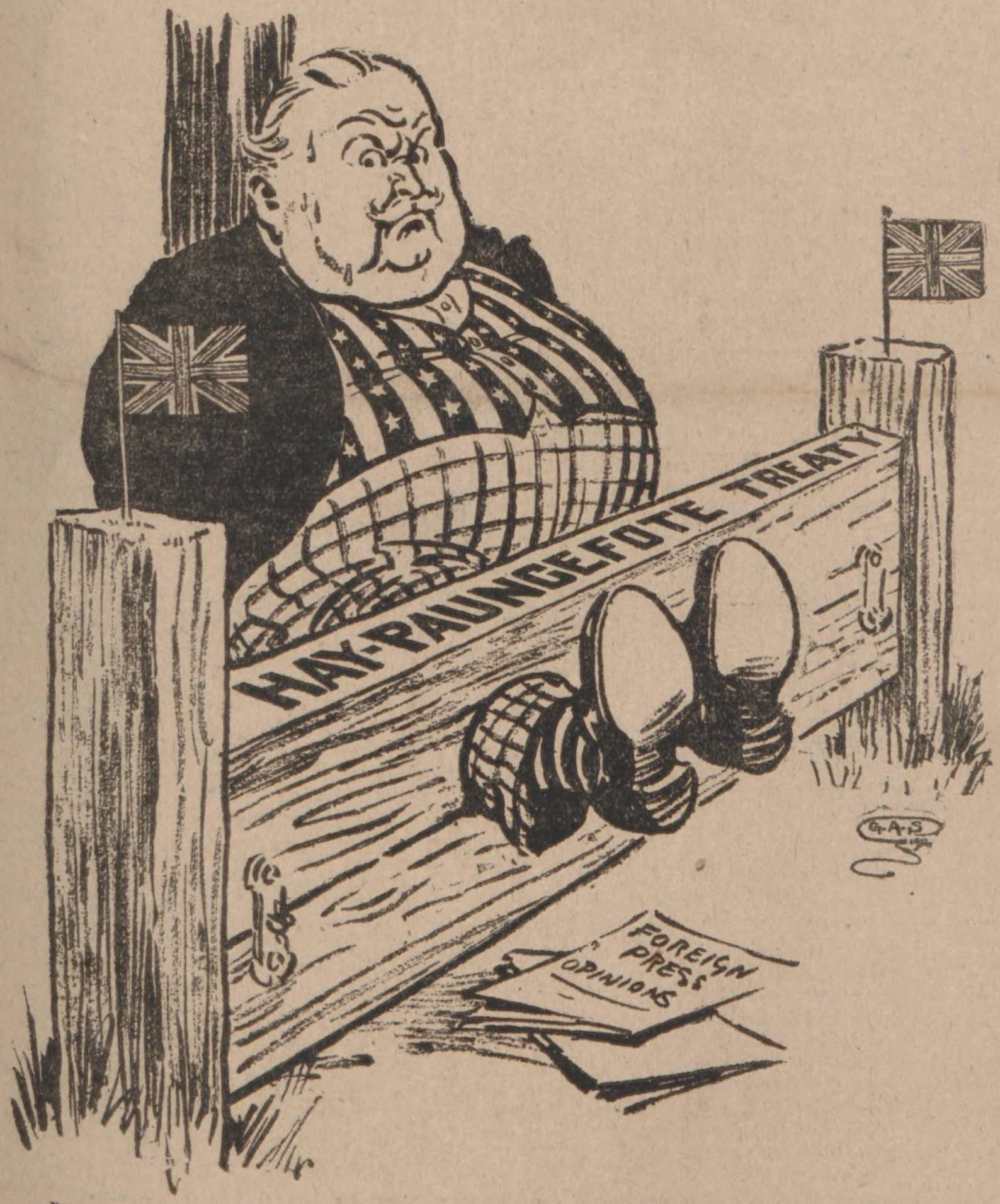
Modern Man

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER OF GENERAL INTEREST.

No. 202. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1912. (Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) ONE PENNY.



IN THE STOCKS.—No. 3: PRESIDENT TAFT.

READERS' SALE and EXCHANGE.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, MODERN MAN, 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Three gent.'s white shirts, size 15½, 4-fold, cost 6s. 6d. each, brand new; bargain 8s. the lot.—Box 9255, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London E.C.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Why not dress better for less money; call or write for particulars, W. W. Hedgecoe and Co. (West End Cutting Experts) 147, Holborn Bars, E.C. (two doors from Gray's Inn Road.).

Wanted, gentleman's suit case, good condition; postcards refused.—Box 9454, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Blue serge suit, cost 60s., 20s.; black lounge coat and vest, cost 55s., 25s.; fawn, dust coat, cost 45s., 20s.; all quite new; superior; want cash.—T. Estcotte, 2, Rutland Villas, Boreham Road, Wood Green.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement on page 1346.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Mexican cowboy saddle and bridle, double-barreled 12-bore shot gun, reloading tools; 32 by 40 Winchester repeating rifle, reloading tools; 45. revolver, Colt, with belt and holster; everything perfect condition; what offers, lot or separate.—Keighley, 767, Little Horton Lane, Bradford.

Wanted, boxing gloves, or exchange Sandow's developers. — Box 9460, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Bagatelle, folding, 8 by 2½, rubber cushions, cloth perfect, accessories, complete, hardly used worth £4, sacrifice £2.—Box 9461, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

£3 3s. Association genuine boxwood croquet set, full size standard pattern, highest quality and finish, perfect, and as new, price 35s.—Box 9462, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

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FREE SHAVING SET COUPON.

Six of these Coupons, cut from the current issue of MODERN MAN, and a P.O. for 1s. to cover carriage and packing expenses, secures a 5s. Silver Plated Patent MODERN MAN Safety Razor, a Silver Plated Stropper, and a 1s. stick of Shaving Soap in metal tube; all completely packed in handsome case. For particulars see page 1347.

Dated Sept. 14, 1912.

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MEDICAL, &c.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box 8029, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

One of the finest known tonics for all nervous disorders, headache, indigestion, etc., etc.; recipe, 1s. 1d. P.O.—Box 9173, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Certain cure for falling hair and dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Why suffer with Piles? Buer Mul-la and Powder is a safe, certain, and speedy cure; cures permanently the worst cases. Send two stamps for free sample.—Prof. Buer, 5251, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, S.E.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Marvellous hair grower, restores grey hair to its natural colour; absolutely genuine, results certain; recipe, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box No. 9172, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Why suffer? Corns cured in a week; recipe, three penny stamps.—Box 9453, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

"Pimples and blotchy skin cured; a Pharmaceutical Chemist offers genuine prescription, which never fails to banish these disfigurements; P.O. 1/1. Box 9452, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Presentation cases of razors, containing 7 superb high-class hollow-ground razors, 30s.; gent.'s dressing cases, solid leather fittings, very best quality, 25s. 6d.—Box 9450, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. today to Box 4597, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

"Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1½d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

"Casell's New Popular Educator" (eight volumes), cost £2, absolutely new; what offers?—Box 9451, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Business Encyclopædia, Legal Adviser, unsoiled, cost £3; exchange for small bureau or desk.—Box 9466, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Standard edition International Library Famous Literature, complete in 20 vols., bound half calf, cash £2 15s., unsoiled, cost £12; also Business Encyclopædia and Legal Adviser, complete, 7 vols. nearly new condition, cash 17s. 6d., cost £2 12s. 6d.—Box 9467, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 1348.

Clerks: Send postcard to-day for free interesting booklet on the famous "New Rapid" course of practical book keeping. Study becomes a pleasure. Sent free.—Book-keeping, Holborn Hall College, London, W.C.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

"WAVCURL" PROMOTES CURLY HAIR

How much a head of CURLY HAIR improves your appearance. "WAVCURL" imparts beautiful permanent curls. One bottle sufficient, to prove its merits. Wonderful results are obtained by using this preparation. It is what you have been looking for for years. Price 2/9 per bottle, net, post free. Sometimes, however, we are selling our special offer S and L 1/1 only. THE NEW WAVCURL CO. [illegible] Warwick Street, SCARBOROUGH.

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PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of MODERN MAN 10s. 6d. Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 1352.

Modern Man

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Notice to Contributors.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words), which must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval. Contributions will be paid for on publication, at our usual rates.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

We shall be pleased to receive from readers in any part of the country information regarding local affairs or newspaper cuttings on matters of topical interest, suitable to deal with under this heading.

With newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper must be enclosed, and where written matter is sent it must be accompanied by proof that it is authentic.

To the reader whose cutting is made use of a Modern Man *Fountain Pen will be sent.*

Our Subject "In the Stocks."

President Taft plaintively says that he is "surprised" at the attitude of Great Britain—and not this country alone—on the question of the Panama canal tolls. If he is surprised now, we venture to predict that before he has finished he will be considerably astonished.

No nation is going to stand a solemn treaty being cynically torn up directly it suits the convenience of one of the high contracting parties, and not only that, but having the fragments thrown in its face.

* * *

The fact is that "Big Bill" Taft has been a big failure as President. His success in other spheres led everybody to expect great things from him as head of the American people; but he has bitterly disappointed them. He has been a flabby President, and flabbiness in a Chief Magistrate is unpardonable.

It is a recognised practice on the eve of a Presidential election to "twist the (British) lion's tail," and that stolid and sagacious animal has always recognised the custom as being part of the game, and has not taken it too seriously. This time, however, the lion's appendage has been convoluted a trifle too hard, and he is beginning to roar.

* * *

Who Is the Cattle Maimer?

Popular indignation has once again been aroused by a recurrence of cattle-maiming outrages at Great Wyrley, Staffordshire. At the same time, not a little dismay is evinced by the local farmers by reason of the apparently impenetrable mystery which surrounds the identity of the criminal.

Every man who can read—and more than one who cannot—has a theory; but perhaps the most likely one is that the outrages are the work of a degraded maniac, who wishes to see how long he can continue his operations undetected. Here, undoubtedly, is a case for a modern Sherlock Holmes; but in the meantime it would apparently be advisable for the Great Wyrley farmers to post reliable nocturnal watchers, armed with guns, in any fields where cattle graze by night.

* * *

Scandalous Case in the West End.

There is much food for serious thought in a case which occurred recently in the West End. A foreigner was charged with unlawfully detaining a girl in a house off Tottenham Court Road. The landlady's story was that late one night she heard a girl's voice call out "Open the door, or I shall jump out of the window."

Subsequently a young woman was discovered locked in a room with the foreigner. On being removed she fainted; and had two fits before being taken to the Middlesex Hospital. Here we have a case which cannot be given overdue publicity.

Apart from the fact that it would seem that the girl must originally have gone willingly enough to the room—(this side of the question we regard with an open mind)—the story points to a moral. This is that the Tottenham Court Road district is no more or less than a plague-spot, on which, we assert with confidence, there is not nearly enough police supervision.

* * *

Animal Turns on The Halls.

We view with displeasure the fact that "animal turns" are returning to popularity on the music-hall stage; and that there are several being given in London at the present time. In conversation with an authority on the subject some time ago, the writer learned that the one and only way of training dogs, birds, and so forth, to do tricks quite unnatural to them, is simply by means of persistent cruelty.

The only exceptions to this are monkeys, who, as a rule, rather enjoy their performances. But other animals do not; and it is only by thoroughly cowing them that trainers can make them turn somersaults, climb up ladders and so on.

No doubt it all seems very nice and pretty when the trainer gives a pat and a piece of sugar to the little performers; but this is only done to keep the eye of the audiance off the vicious little whip which he invariably carries.

So now, Mr. or Mrs. Playgoer, if you are a lover of animals, perhaps you will not applaud this kind of "turn" in future, and tell little Tommy not to do so either.

* * *

Motor-Bus Speedometers.

A motor-bus-driver, summoned recently at Marylebone for exceeding the twelve-mile speed limit in Bayswater Road, raised a defence which certainly seems a just one. He said that the company which employed him had not complied with the Local Government Board regulations, which insist that all omnibuses must be so geared that their highest speed shall not be in excess of the maximum laid down in the Local Government Board order, viz., 12 miles per hour, or be fitted with an approved device which shall give a distinct and audible warning as often and so long as a speed of 12 miles per hour is exceeded.

It is clear on the face of it that if motor-'buses were supplied with such a device, it would be simple negligence, or deliberate action, on the driver's part if the speed limit were exceeded.

Therefore, in view of the enormous total of casualties in the streets every year, we urge the police to examine every motor-'bus to see that it fulfils the very excellent regulation quoted above. At the same time, we think that it hardly redounds to the credit of the motor-'bus companies that there should even be any necessity for such an examination.

* * *

"Wheeled" to Death.

A visitor to Douglas, Isle of Man, had a ride on a "joy" wheel. Coming off he threw his arms around a pillar, complained of pains in his head, went into fits, and died. At the inquest, evidence showed that the man had been healthy, and not subject to fits. A doctor described the convulsions that followed the "joy" ride as epileptic, but hazarded the opinion that the ride was not the only cause of them.

It seems to us that it was an adequate cause, and that the medical assumption was gratuitious. For the sort of people who enjoy "Joy" wheels, the resultant chance of fatal convulsions without extra charge is likely, if once understood, to act as an additional fascination.

*

The limit has been reached in foreign competition. Another British industry is threatened. A Chinese man and a Chinese woman (it is a little difficult to tell t'other from which), selling small fans among other China-made trifles, have joined the indignant hawkers of Ludgate Hill. We can understand everything except the fans—with the thermometer threatening zero. It is zeroic, but it is not trade.

* * *

Effect of "Plain Speaking."

The Kingston-on-Thames Guardians have heeded the uncompromising remarks of *Modern Man*, and decided to amend their ways in the matter of advertising their workhouse vacancies. In future, they announce, applicants for the post of Master and Matron are not to be warned that childlessness is to be a condition of eligibility in the case of married couples.

We are gratified that once more our plain speaking has proved effective speech.

* * *

Fare Sneaking.

Thus spoke Mr. Magistrate Fordham to a defendant "of lady-like appearance," charged before him with having diddled the District Railway out of a fare: "There is no redeeming feature. You have not the excuse of a poor man, who might find it difficult to pay his fare to get to his work. How a woman in your position, wearing feathers and jewellery . . . could act in this way I cannot imagine. . . . You are practically a thief as well as a liar. It is a disgraceful case."

Yet the well-to-do heroine of this "disgraceful case without a redeeming feature," was let off with an easily paid fine. Fare sneakers of her class will never learn that honesty is the best policy until they learn it in gaol. Fine them by all means, but give them just a little taste of imprisonment as well—say, three days.

* * *

Hard Words and Soft Sentences.

Our magistrates are for ever saying hard words, and then belieing their own utterances by inflicting soft sentences. Instances multiply week by week. We say that they scandalously abuse their "option of a fine." Look at this case at Lambeth the other day, since our last comments on the subject.

A speed fiend was accused of driving a motor-car in the Brixton Road "at a terrific pace," and with corruptly offering a bribe to a police-constable. How bad a case this was, and how hardened an offender was the defendant may be gauged by Mr. Baggalay's words to him on conviction.

"You, and men like you, are a terrible danger to the public. You were fined only a week before you were committing this offence for driving to the common danger in the country, and only a few months before that you were fined for driving at the excessive speed of thirty miles an hour within the London district."

Fined—on both counts, and heavily, it is true, but still only fined! Why not imprisonment off-hand?

* * *

A Literary Cad.

If books are dedicated at all they should be dedicated to people who are worthy of such recognition. Only a literary cad could perpetrate such an advertisement as the following, which appeared in a recent issue of the *Times*, and none but a society snob would take advantage of it:—

"Well-known author will dedicate important forthcoming book to any lady or gentleman who will lend him one hundred and fifty pounds.—M, 128, The *Times* Office, E.C."

Heaven grant that other hard-up authors, whether well-known or not, will refrain from further prostituting the honoured profession of letters by following such a degraded precedent.

* * *

Charity Uncovers a Multitude of Sins.

We should be sorry to say a word in discouragement or dispraise of any sincere and properly conducted enterprise in the cause of charity—and we don't say any such word. But we do say that in the case of many charity bazaars and other "functions" an efficient audit of the accounts would often bring numerous discreditable facts to light.

Illicit commissions are made. Notoriety is sought and other selfish interests are served by women of the "smart set" masquerading as friends and helpers of the necessitous. It is possible that unpleasant revelations will be made in one such case that we wot of, in which the proceeds of a sort of fancy fair on a big scale so dwarfed the insignificant amount handed over to the charity for whose benefit it was ostentatiously organised as to provoke the asking of ugly questions. The answers are uglier still.

* * *

Willing Widows.

Deploring the fact that the weddings for a whole year in his parish of Great Barr, near Birmingham, only reached the grand total of one, the Vicar wishes to know what on earth his young people mean by it. He says that there are many widows in Great Barr, and broadly hints that unless the young men and maidens awake to a sense of their duty the widows will have to be appealed to to save the situation.

An excellent idea. Turn those widows loose, dear Vicar, and if a single single man escapes them save by fight or suicide we'll put you on the free list. Bid them "Up, widows, and at 'em!" and the men will be doomed to a man. You'll soon be letter-perfect in the marriage service without the book, and find it necessary to keep the font full of water.

* * *

Moral Dangers of Fish and Chips.

Unlicensed refreshment shops in Glasgow were to have been allowed to remain open on week-nights till eleven, and on Sunday evenings (from two) till seven. But some of the Town Councillors have bullied the others into rejecting the recommendation that embodied these concessions to common sense and common needs. Not a snack is to be sold on any week-night after ten—on a "Sawbath" not a bottle of lemonade or one lonely bun, at any hour at any price.

Is it that these prohibiting saints are so whisky sodden that an appetite for fried fish impresses them as an unnatural craving for solids that must be sternly repressed, and that lemonade as a beverage looms darkly in their mental vision as a personal insult to their own taste in intoxicants?

* * *

"Catch" of Death.

Last week *Modern Man* drew attention to the danger of the inside catch on railway carriage doors. Since then another accident has happened. A four-year-old boy—son of Dr. Streeten, of North London—put his hand on the door of a railway carriage between London Bridge and Hastings, when (the report says) "it flew open." As a consequence the child fell out of the train, which was travelling at fifty miles an hour, and at the hospital his condition was regarded at "critical."

It seems monstrous that the doors of trains travelling at a great speed should be made so that they yield to the touch of a four-year-old child. These accidents *can* be made impossible, and they must be.

* * *

Bouquets for Premier and Chancellor.

Chivalry was ever a typical Irish virtue, but sometimes it takes forms which can only be described as sloppy. Two of the women who were sentenced to well-deserved punishment for the dastardly outrages during Mr. Asquith's Dublin visit are being forcibly fed in Mountjoy Prison; and the secretary of the W.S.P.U. says in a letter:—

"I had an interview with the Lord Lieutenant on August 25th. He told me the authorities here have a horror of forcible feeding, and that Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George are responsible for Mrs. Leigh and Miss Evans being forcibly fed.

"Lord Aberdeen has himself been to London to see Mr. Asquith, but with no result. This has been confirmed in an interview I had on August 29th with Sir James Dougherty, secretary to Mr. Birrell."

We do not often hand bouquets to Mr. Asquith or to Mr. George, but in this case they have shown more sense of what is due to the law-abiding section of the community than has the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

* * *

An Unblushing Declaration.

It is no unusual thing for the law-breaker to attribute to human nature a greater shares of gullibility than human nature is prepared to admit. George Henry Green, for example, must have had an unmeritedly poor opinion of the intelligence of the Cheltenham magistrates, when they sentenced him to six weeks' hard labour for obtaining money by false pretences.

By means of a bogus advertisement, offering a warehouseman's post, he had swindled a number of men out of shillings as inquiry fees; and in attempting to secure a mitigation of his sentence, he unblushingly declared he could easily have persuaded his victims to part with five shillings each, but had not had the heart to do it. Next, please!

It is reported that firms owning canteens in ships have been informed by the Admiralty that the sale of goods with prize-bearing coupons attached is to be prohibited. In the name of sanity, WHY?

* * *

Word to the Underground.

At last the ineffably cocksure Underground Railway has been caught napping. An accident, which in periodical "puff-paragraphs" in the daily and other papers has so repeatedly been asserted to be beyond the bounds of possibility, has occurred on the Piccadilly and Brompton line at Caledonian Road Station, involving injuries to no less than eighteen persons. *Modern Man* has before now hinted with strong significance at the danger of just such an accident as the one which actually came to pass—namely, the collision of a "non-stop" train with another standing in a station. This the company, with boastful allusions to their remarkable system of "trip arm" signals, etc., declared to be impossible; and now we find that even the great Underground Railway is not infallible.

Now, perhaps, the company will attend with all possible despatch to a further danger which *Modern Man* also outlined not long ago. This is the possibility of a section of a tunnel subsiding on either side of a train, and so imprisoning the occupants. Do not say it is impossible, Underground, please; but set to work and see that it does not happen.

* * *

The P.M.G. Must Go.

The widespread dissatisfaction prevalent among the public with the manner in which the work of the General Post Office is being conducted, culminating in recent vigorous exposures in *Modern Man*, has speedily borne fruit. It is now suggested that the office of Postmaster-General should be abolished, and that in its stead a board of directors should be created, with a permanent chairman. The great essential, as we have already pointed out, is continuity of management by men of practical business ability. Here at least we have a sound common-sense idea. In a great organisation like the Post Office archaic methods and traditions cannot be tolerated. It is essential to break with the past. Efficiency must be the watchword of the G.P.O.; and as he obviously cannot provide this, Mr. Herbert Samuel must go.

* * *

More Hackneyed Than True.

That charity begins at home is one of those familiar sayings which are more hackneyed than true. So practical a virtue ought to begin at home, undoubtedly, but does not always do so.

Many a small farmer in England has been ruined by the rains of the recent record August, but his misfortunes are ignored by the philanthropic, who prefer to divert their superfluous shekels in the direction of the guileless foreigner in far-off regions that have been experiencing seismic disturbances or volcanic activity.

Catch those same foreigners chipping in with anything more substantial than printed sympathy, when there's a catastrophe over here! Not much!

* * *

Catch-Penny Methods.

When any celebrity dies it is very uncommon to see the name mentioned in the "bills" of the evening newspapers. What you do see is some such announcement as "Famous M.P. Dead," "Great Actor Killed," and so on; the obvious idea being to make the public spend its half-pennies or pennies to find out the identity of the departed luminary.

This is customary and quite legitimate; and we have no word to say against it. But what we do not like is a deliberate "catch penny," or rather "catch half-penny," dodge that was exploited by an evening paper some days ago. A handbill was circulated bearing the words "Yarmouth Mystery Solved." Naturally enough, the public bought up that paper like hot cakes, under the impression that important facts had come to light regarding the murder of Dora May Grey on Yarmouth beach. But no! The information related simply to a comparatively uninteresting woman, a postman's wife, who had happened to disappear from Yarmouth at about the time of Dora Grey's death, and who had since been heard of in America. It had nothing to do whatever with Dora Grey. Once again we say significantly that we do not like this sort of thing.

One cannot always go into ecstasies of admiration over fidelity to principle. John Williams, seventy-two, pedlar, is a very foolish old man. Even when he finds himself without the wherewithal to renew his license, he declines to accept from the present Government the old age pension due to him, because, in his estimation, his fellow-countryman, Mr. Lloyd George, "has done so much mischief!"

Second childhood comes to some sooner than to others.

* * *

Safety at Sea.

Modern Man hails with enthusiasm the results of the recent terribly monotonous "Titanic" enquiry. The monotony, however, has produced excellent results. It would now seem that more valuable precautions are likely to be taken for the protection of human life on the high seas.

Here are some of the proposed changes: "Foreign-going passenger steamers, emigrant ships, and foreign-going sailing ships carrying passengers are in future to provide sufficient lifeboat accommodation for all on board. Foreign-going cargo steamships, which at present must carry on each side boats (of which one must be a lifeboat) to carry all on board, must in future have sufficient and fully equipped lifeboats for all. Sailing ships also must in future possess lifeboats to accommodate all."

There is one flaw, however, in the new arrangements. Mr. Buxton, President of the Board of Trade, states that the Board has no power to make "boat drill" compulsory. Now, we on *Modern Man* insist that such drill *should* be made compulsory. The simple provision of boats is neutralised in its usefulness if the ship's crew is inefficient in the launching and management of them. Further, the entire proposals are as yet in the lap of the gods, for they are subject to the approval of Parliament; and we know what that means. Still we sincerely hope that in this instance, Parliament will show that it can, at a pinch, be of some sort of use to the country.

* * *

Chemist as Creator.

We are now confronted with what we are told is a problem which has baffled men of science and philosophers throughout the ages. To the lay mind, which possesses the faintest capacity for seeing the funny side of things, however, the "solution" advanced by Professor Schäfer, President of the British Association, seems to have a markedly comical character. We dare not attempt a paraphrase of Professor Schäfer's ultra-scientific language, so we permit ourselves to quote the following weighty words from him, on the subject of the "origin of life":—

"The elements composing living substances are few in number. Those constantly present are carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen, and phosphorus. Moreover, a large proportion of water appears to be essential to life, as well as certain inorganic substances, such as common salt. The combination of these substances into colloidal (gelatinous) compound represents the chemical basis of life.

"When the chemist succeeds in building up this compound it will, without doubt, be found to exhibit the phenomena which we are in the habit of associating with the term 'life.'"

Somehow, the picture irresistibly forces itself on the mind of a grubby and diminutive child, craning over a chemist's counter and extending a jam-pot, with a request for "Twopenn'orth o' *life*, please; and muvver says will you please wrap it up in this week's *Home Howler*?"

* * *

Primitive Banking Methods.

A man with £6 10s. in gold in his pockets, and a bundle of Bank of England notes of various denominations suspended from his neck can scarcely be suspected of having got into the front garden of another man's house with felonious intent, when it is ascertained that he came by the money in a perfectly valid way.

Thomas Frederick King, who goes in for primitive banking methods of the kind mentioned, explained to the North London magistrate, before whom he seemed somewhat surprised to find himself a few mornings since, that, when discovered in the forecourt where he had no business to be, he was "thinking."

Of course, he was discharged, and doubtless he won't "think" any more in front gardens that are not his own; but, wherever it may be, he'll do some precious hard thinking before long if he doesn't let the Post Office or some other reputable banking concern take care of those notes of his—he'll think and think what a blithering idiot he was to go on wearing them round his neck. For, as sure as "flimsies" are "flimsies," he'll be relieved of them sooner or later now that it is known where and how they are "banked."

There will be no lessening of the hatpin peril until the legislature takes the matter in hand. The feminine mind seems to be utterly impervious to anything in the nature of reason or consideration. The deadly stiletto-like things by which hats are skewered to hair become more and more formidable, and the number of resulting accidents grows apace.

* * *

An Absurd Proposition.

That the King is above politics is an axiom that has been tenaciously held to by responsible politicians for many years. Wherefore we deprecate exceedingly an attempt by an irresponsible body calling itself the Insurance Tax Resisters' Defence Association, to petition the King to "suspend" the Insurance Act.

This proposition is patently absurd; and his present Majesty is far too sensible a monarch to interfere with a measure which has duly passed all its stages—including the Royal Assent.

The King, be it noted, has aleardy said *Le roy le veult* to the Act, and he can hardly be expected to stultify himself in the manner suggested by the well-meaning promoters of the petition.

The Act requires altering, but it cannot be done this way.

* * *

Caution to a Clergyman.

A well-known clergyman in London, south of the Thames, who, by means of a none too refined park oratory, has earned for himself quite a reputation as a veritable *malleus Agnosticorum*, must be more circumspect than he was on a recent occasion if he desires his platform and pulpit utterances to continue influencing his young men—and women—admirers.

The first day of the week had just dovetailed into the second, and the streets were all but deserted, when he was seen to emerge from a select educational establishment run by a couple of maiden ladies, and to steer a somewhat erratic course in the direction of his own residential edifice. To put it plainly, he was inebriated.

His methods—like his theology—are quite modern, and in all probability therefore he reads *Modern Man*. Though others will not know to whom the paragraph refers, *he* will have no difficulty in appropriating it to himself; and the writer earnestly hopes he will profit by the advice it is intended to convey. It would be a thousand pities that the good work he undoubtedly is doing should be impaired through his occasional failure to practice what he preaches.

So far the scandal is but an incipient one. He will do well, therefore, to nip it in the bud. Otherwise he may find himself delated to his bishop.

* * *

Pipes, Matches and Blow-Ups.

At the West Riding Police Court (Doncaster), a miner was fined in a small sum for endangering, by the carriage of a pipe, the lives and limbs of all the colliers in a particularly gassy pit. At the same court another miner was found guilty of a similar offence in another mine, the difference being that in this second case the defendant's fancy in the murder line ran to matches.

He was only fined, although his offence, like that of the other finee, was deliberately characterised in Court as "most serious."

* * *

The Rural Housing Problem.

The latest account of human beings living in pig-sties (and "unfit" one at that) is dated from Meare, a village in Somersetshire, the Clerk to the Wells Rural District Council reporting of "houses" in the locality that they "baffle description, being a terribly dilapidated and insanitary condition. The windows are all falling out, and the openings are stuffed with rags . . . Indescribably filthy, and not fit for the housing of animals." Another illuminating sentence reads: "Families are herded together in a manner rendering decent family life impossible."

Horrible as these dwellings obviously are, they are only typically horrible. There are thousands like them, all over rural England. Why do so many of the peasantry live (and die) in such miserable "homes"? Not, poor as they are, because they could not pay for better, but because there are no better for them to pay for. The evil of this scandalous dearth of decent domestic accommodation has far-reaching consequences. It is keeping down the rural marriage and birth rates, for decent couples who would wed cannot wed if they cannot be housed.

It is driving young folks to the cities and big towns, already congested. It is filling the emigrant ships with more bone and muscle and brawn than we can spare. It is hindering the development of countryside industrial enterprises, and preventing the establishment of new ones, for want of cottages means want of hands.

* * *

Ridiculous Building Restrictions.

The causes are several, but the principal and most easily removable cause is to be found in the pettifogging, ridiculous building restrictions operative in so many districts. Some of the parochial bye-laws in the indicated respect are only worthy of a lot of old women in Bedlam. Make the building regulations more elastic, and comfortable, sanitary, weather-proof dwelling-houses can be erected and let remuneratively.

Pending the demanded reform, little can be done in the way of a general and genuine remedy.

* * *

Mean, Untrue and Ungrateful.

Mr. W. Thorne, Labour M.P. for South-West Ham, referring to the recent London strike of Transport Workers, said at the Trade Union Congress at Newport: "When the general public . . . became aware of the arbitrary and arrogant attitude taken up by Lord Devonport very valuable assistance, both in finance and kind, was given to alleviate the sufferings of the people."

This is mean and ungrateful. The suggestion that "the general public" came to the help of the foodless families of the strikers only when, or in any sense because, they "became aware of the arbitrary and arrogant attitude of Lord Devonport," or anybody else, is a false and corrupt suggestion.

What the "general public" did "the general public" did without regard to the "attitude" of either master or men. The "attitude" that moved the hands of the "general public" to the pockets of "the general public" was the "attitude" of starving women and children, whose husbands and fathers had been fooled and misled by talkers of Mr. Thorne's kidney.

* * *

Eastbourne's Musical Director.

There is great trouble in Eastbourne. Mr. Henton, the director of the musical arrangements on which the Corporation spends the best part of £4,000 a year, insists on facing the audience instead of the band when he conducts a performance; and some of the town councillors were rather terse in their remarks on this habit.

Councillor Eden said it was impossible for Mr. Henton to control the orchestra at present.

"Mr. Henton has told me," the councillor added, "that he faces the audience to show that Eastbourne is up-to-date."

"That is a miserable excuse," declared Councillor Eden. "The band is English, and it should be conducted in English fashion."

"Eastbourne spends nearly £4,000 a year on its music, which is too much to allow Mr. Henton to trifle with the band. Only half his men see the swing of the baton."

The Pleasure Grounds Committee are to deal with these momentous questions. Meanwhile, we must say that we do not see why a man can't be content with conducting a band, instead of conducting himself, in this absurd fashion.

No first-rate conductor that we can recollect—and we have watched them all, from Richter downwards—turns his back upon his orchestra.

* * *

"Foul Spouters in the Parks."

Our recent article on the moral pollution of London's parks by the Sunday spouter of revolution and blasphemy has caused considerable sensation, and we note that the lead of *Modern Man* is being followed by other representative organs of public opinion. We have not one word to retract. We say with emphasis and deliberation that we under-stated the facts and the truth, strongly as we wrote. The blackguards we pilloried deserve far worse and different chastisement than it was, or is, in our power in inflict—or we should inflict it.

"No God, no King, no Government," are common items in a programme of negations howled by fools to fools Sunday after Sunday. But it is remembered that they are, or may become, dangerous fools.

However abhorrent, to any non-diseased mind, a theory sentiment may be, however obscene the language in which it may be expressed, there are always some to condone everything and anything in the name of "the right of free speech." There are limits to the rights of free speech as to all other rights. No question of "use" is involved in this matter at all—it is a question, or rather a fact, of [illegible] abuse.

"Free speech is not a fetish. Free speech is not one of the gods of Ju-Ju, demanding the sacrifice of all that is best and most precious.

The writer of the *Modern Man* article heard himself anathematised, on the Sunday after its publication, by some of the "foul spouters" he had shown up. He feels that until he heard what they thought of him he had never properly appreciated his own sterling merits!

* * *

"Public School" Failures.

The mossy institutions still known as "public schools," though they are only public for the sons of the wealthier few, have dropped far behind the times. Their defects, their failures, the rottenness of the obsolete system on which their curriculum rests, are mercilessly, trenchantly and truthfully exposed by a London Army "coach" in the columns of our contemporary, the *English Review*.

But for all that the writer of the article at which we have glanced asserts and demonstrates, it remains true that these great "public schools" do turn out some of their pupils into the world as scholars and gentlemen—because accidents will happen in the worst regulated establishments.

* * *

Fido in Paris.

According to the Secretary of the National Canine Defence League, there is a "cordial understanding" between English dog stealers and Parisian receivers, which is working as smoothily as the international "cordial understanding." Dog dealers in the French capital are specialising in dogs which are guaranteed to have been carefully stolen by experienced experts on this side.

A new and plausible excuse for a trip to the gay city. "Your Fido stolen? My darling, I leave for Paris by to-night's express!"

* * *

In the Name of Justice.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has followed up his convincing booklet on the Oscar Slater case by an appeal in the Press to the British people to insist on a re-opening of it—a re-hearing, a re-consideration, a re-judgment.

Sir Arthur does not claim to prove the man's innocence, but he does claim to show that guilt was never brought home to him; and up to the very hilt does he make good this claim. *Modern Man* endorses every word that the creator of Sherlock Holmes has written on this subject. And again we add "*What about Stinie Morrison?*"

* * *

An Amazing Record.

Jesse Brinklow, carpenter, knows better than anyone else, presumably, what reason he has for alleging that the twins his wife presented him with ten months or so after he married her, are not his. Be that as it may, in the estimation of the law he is their putative father.

It is simply amazing, therefore, to learn that, when the birth was registered, the registrar entered the children as illegitimate, on the strength of Brinklow's disclaiming paternity. If that kind of thing were allowed Heaven alone knows where it would end.

There'll be a certain vacancy in the ranks of registrars belong long. Any candidates for the job? Only those that are "compos mentis" need apply.

An Overflow Meeting.

TRAFFIC IN BABIES.

AMAZING REVELATIONS OF A DISGRACEFUL INDUSTRY.

Modern Man is ever ready to give help to the helpless; and it strikes us as high time that the notice of the public was drawn to a positively appalling state of affairs in London and the provinces, but chiefly in the Metropolis.

We are alluding to the exploitation of infants, in most cases of the tenderest years, by professional beggars, for the purpose of playing on the sympathies of the public and so obtaining an augmented supply of alms.

Regular Tariff of Charges.

The moral plague-spot which we have in our mind's eye in this connection is Notting Dale, which is known to the police, if not to the public, to be the most popular abiding place of the habitual mendicant. In that dingy district there are whole streets occupied almost solely by members of this inglorious profession.

Now the enormous majority of beggars are single men and women, in most cases childless; but this does not deter them from appearing in the streets in the company of a pitiable-looking child, and sometimes more than one. Where do they obtain these miserable childish allies? The answer is not far to seek.

They "hire them out" from the degraded parents of the children, who make a regular income, and a considerable one, as we will show, out of their wretched offspring. There is a regular "tariff" of charges for them.

The Punier the Better.

The younger the child is and the punier his appearance, the more useful is he or she to the beggar. Thus it is that an ailing baby of, say, six months old, will command a fee, for his unnatural father or mother, of half-a-crown a day. This must be paid in advance, or the infant will not be handed over. It is thus easy to see that the beggars must find their occupation a profitable one, since it admits of their paying this sum every day and clearing a profit over it.

Above the age of five, children are to be obtained at cheaper rates—for several reasons. First of all, five years is the "school age"; and a mendicant who is seen with a child of that age is very liable to prosecution for keeping it away from the State seminary. This element of risk lessens the price which the actual parent is in a position to demand for his progeny.

Again, a child of that age does not obviously elicit as much pity as a baby in arms; so that after "school age" children are "let out" for about eighteenpence per day.

No Hesitation to Injure.

The really astute father or mother, however, as soon as this depreciation in a child's "value" occurs, seeks to increase the latter by training. A child, for instance, who has learned to howl dismally and to ask with pitiful insistence, for a "bit o' bread" from his temporary "parent," who whines loudly that he has not the money to buy it, is obviously a valuable asset. But herein lies a terrible danger.

Nine out of ten of these horrible fathers and mothers who make money out of their children in this ignoble fashion, do not—we shudder to say it—scruple to injure their wretched offspring in order to make them look more pitiable.

There was a case not long ago of a woman who had a child which was almost aggressively robust in appearance. It had a good complexion, and even starvation seemed useless to reduce its natural fatness. It was consequently of very little service for begging purposes. So the inhuman mother produced eruptions on the poor little creatures face by means of a red hot poker! It is satisfactory to note that she is now serving a long term of imprisonment.

Making £7 a Week.

There is a married woman in Notting Dale who has as many as ten children which she "lets out" for an average of 2s. each per day. A simple calculation shows that she makes as much as £7 or so a week out of her dreadful traffic.

How long is this state of affairs to continue? *Modern Man*, at any rate, has made the matter public, and it now rests with the authorities to put an end to it.

NO FREE TRADE IN VICE.

"MODERN MAN" AND THE CRIMINAL LAW AMENDMENT BILL.

The power of summary arrest, without warrant, with which the Criminal Law Amendment Bill proposes to invest the police won't do and must go. The clause in point stands condemned by practically the unanimous judgment of all the Bill's best friends and supporters—the best because the most intelligent.

In their opposition to this clause these intelligent friends and supporters are quite independent of the parrots who take up the silly squawk about "liberty of the subject."

Proper Function of the Police.

To "interfere with the liberty of the subject" is the first and proper function of the police force; but the power to arrest on supposition is—or would be—a violation of the principles upon which the exercise of that function is established, and by which it is limited and controlled. There can be no authority without responsibility, and to impose the intentioned responsibility on even British policemen would be to credit them with impossible astuteness, unhuman correctness of intuition, and angelic rectitude.

The police are men, not super-men; and only to supermen could safely be entrusted the discretionary authority to run people in on the off chance that perhaps they had it at the back of their minds to be up to something.

As for the proviso that there must be "good cause to suspect," the individual police-constable being the judge of what constitutes "good cause," it is on this very proviso that the clause hangs—hangs itself, in fact. For what is to be "good cause"?

Is a smile to be suspicion? Is a look to be proof? Is a bow to be confession? Is a wink to be guilt?

Intolerable Addition to Responsibilities.

To the honest policeman this clause would be, in operation, an intolerable addition to his already onerous responsibilities; to the dishonest policeman it would mean an illicit income; to the public it is already a menace that would become a quick and chronic danger, a worse peril than any present "peril in the streets."

The objections are as obvious as they are fatal—fatal to the very objects themselves of this well-meant error of judgment. If the thing were right in principle and wrong in detail, we should say mend it. Because it is vicious in theory and would be preposterous in practice, we say end it.

We are solicitous to repeat that in so far as we are able to regard the Criminal Law Amendment Bill, 1912, as a workable weapon against the White Slave Traffic, we are whole-heartedly in sympathy with it. To the dealer in vice, the bully, and the pimp, we would mete out a punishment that would shock by its severity the small souls of those self-styled "humanitarians," who snivvle their sorrowful condolences with every brute whose back is touched with the lash, or who is seriously inconvenienced for any length of time by the rules and regimen of our prisons and convict establishments.

But our doubt it whether this Bill grapples in the right way with the evil against which it is directed; whether it is not too much concerned with symptoms and too little with causes.

Handicapped by Timidity.

We are constrained to assert our conviction that all English legislation of the class to which this belongs is handicapped from the start by our insular timidity in recognising, appreciating, and acting on the fact that all such legislation, to be effective, must be moulded to deal with human nature as it is, not as it ought to be.

Our instinct is to turn away from certain facts because they are ugly; our duty is to look them fair and square in the face, because they matter—for facts are factors.

They are not pleasant subjects for remark, but if the Press were to eliminate all painful topics from its category of admissible topics, the range of its usefulness would be most harmfully curtailed.

The first ugly fact to be faced is that illicit intercourse between the sexes, until human nature ceases to be what it always has been and becomes what it ought to be, will never, because it can never, be stopped by legislation. Two laws govern mankind—the law of nature and the law of grace. Under the latter, when obedience is rendered to it, immorality is impossible; under the former it is inevitable—or what it stands for, that of which it is the systematised form.

It is a mortifying reflection, but one from which there is no escape, that it is in the highest conditions of civilised social life, not the lowest, that this evil is rankest and most rampant.

Alphonse Daudet put the whole truth in a nutshell, so to speak, when he observed (the writer translates from memory): "Nature, in implanting the instinct which ensured the perpetuation of the race, rather overdid her task"—this being a reference to both the avidity and the ineradicability of the sexual instinct.

If all men and all women could be made amenable to the laws and teachings of religion, there would be an end of the difficulty—in fact, there would be no difficulty, for religion can and does do for the individual what the State cannot do for the community, and it is in its public aspect that we are reluctantly dealing with the subject.

Limitless Consequences.

What, then, is the proper mental attitude of the legislator with regard to it? That of the man who says: "Here is this evil. I can't stop it, for it has survived even in communities where its legal penalty was death. What am I going to do about it?"

Now, in the first place, we say that his proper concern is with the consequences of the vice rather than with the vice itself by itself. This brings him in confrontation with the most terrible complaint that has ever scourged humanity. Is it his duty—always, be it remembered, as a legislator in secular matters—to endeavour to protect individual sinners from the potential consequences of their sin?

If such consequences to themselves were confined to themselves, perhaps not, callous and even brutal though it may sound to say so. But those consequences cannot be so limited. They are limitless. It is in the horrible light of this fact and all that it means that it is his primary and paramount duty to think and to act.

It *is* for him to consider the future of the race, the well-being of posterity—and, so considering, so to legislate. If—or rather as—to shield the guiltless we must, as far as it is possible to do so, protect the guilty, so let it be.

Lack of Hindrance.

What is the good of blinking at the truth? There are polluted men in society and polluted women on the streets; the former are free by law to marry good women, and the latter allowed, for lack of effective hindrance by law, to contaminate.

Not many years ago the writer of this article had in his employ a young artist who was dying under his eyes. One night the doomed sufferer pointed to a harlot of the Strand. "That's the woman," he said. Yet unless this individual were obtrusive in her methods, not a policeman, on any evidence of her state, dare lay a hand on her shoulder.

As far as the state of the law is concerned, the incident might have happened yesterday.

Leaving one or two other aspects of the subject for subsequent consideration—in the same spirit of sincerity and with the same candour of expression—we seek to press home the points we have just raised.

Vice is here and irremovable. Recognising both facts, there are some of us who urge: "Check it, restrict it"—in a word, if you like the word, "regulate" it. Others there are who, also recognising both facts, pin their faith to the policy which secured the repeal of the C.D. Acts.

Mischievous Policy.

These are the people—and they include ecclesiastics and many others of noble character and laudable intent—who cannot see that by closing known places of resort that were at the same time places of segregation, they have only enlarged the range of temptation and opportunity. By not a single one have they decreased the number of abandoned women—they have only succeeded in spreading them about our public thoroughfares. Where they were, they were found only by those who sought them.

We tell the short-sighted, well-meaning, personally meritorious and publicly mischievous crusaders of the familiar "League" and "Vigilance" type that what their policy, in opposition and in advocacy, really amount to is this—"Free Trade in Vice."

(To be continued.)

NEWS AND HUMOUR.

A PITHY MIXTURE.

Smoking is to be permitted among the convicts at the new prison for habitual criminals recently opened at Camp Hill, Isle of Wight, pipes and tobacco having been served out among the best behaved of the inmates. Why not introduce a theatre and champagne suppers?

* * *

We are told that bejewelled hairpins are likely to become the rage next season. More expense for the b'hoys.

* * *

"My hair is falling out," admitted the timid man in the chemist's shop. "Can you recommend something to keep it in?"

"Certainly," replied the obliging clerk. "Get a box."

* * *

NO RIGHT TO DRESS.

The Rev. Alfred Waller, vicar of St. Paul's, Southend, has allowed neither postmen nor milkmen to come to his door on Sunday for a quarter of a century. The household cooking is all done on Saturday, and neither trains nor trams are used on Sunday.

To complete it, we would have liked to have said that Mr. Walter stayed in bed. Holding such views, he certainly has no right to dress.

* * *

Maid: Madam, your husband is lying unconscious in the library, with a large box beside him, crushing a paper in his hand.

Mistress: Ah, my hat has come!

* * *

Within a stone's throw of each other, at Stonham Park, Suffolk, live 28 persons whose ages aggregate 2.121 years. There are one of 90, two of 82, one 81, four 80, one 78, one 76, three 75, four 74, six 73, three 72, one 69, and one 68.

* * *

Little Roger: Why is this little town called a hamlet, Uncle John?

Uncle John: After Shakespeare's character of that name, Roger. He was a melancholy man; this is a melancholy place.

* * *

THE "POLITE BURGLAR."

A man named Wilson, who is known in New York as the "polite burglar," has methods distinctly peculiar. On one occasion, after breaking into a house at midnight, he woke the sleeping owner and asked where his money was kept. The man indicated a pair of trousers, but one penny was all that the visitor found, as the owner of the trousers had tucked his money into a pocket of his pyjamas on retiring. The burglar then asked that the man's wife be awakened in an adjoining room. When he was told, however, that the woman was ill, he apologised, and quietly left the house.

* * *

The average man loves to see a smart pair of shoes on a woman, and admires 'em, but at the same time, he wonders whether the stockings they cover want darning.

* * *

A carter at Colne, Lancs., who stepped in front of a motor-car, escaped death by leaping four feet over the bonnet and falling on the chauffeur.

* * *

Certain tradesmen in Paris buy up all the old billiard cloths they can secure, and it is said that "they serve to make spinach for small restaurants."

* * *

A VIVID DESCRIPTION.

Miss Brown was giving an elaborate description of a blacksmith preparatory to teaching Longfellow's poem to her pupils.

"Now, children," she said, "we are going to learn a poem to-day about someone who works very hard. He is very large and has great arms that can lift such heavy things. His face is blackened with soot that comes from his great, blazing fires! And he wears a dirty black apron, and he has a fire that glows oh, so red, and when-ever he makes anything he puts it into his fire and then pounds it with a great big hammer, which makes the loudest clanging noise and makes the sparks fly about in every direction. Now, who can tell me what I have been describing?"

A little maid, who had listened to these vivid details with eyes twice their natural size, sprang to her feet and said in an awed whisper:

"The devil!"

"DEATH DECEIVERS."

SOME REMARKABLE STORIES OF CHARMED LIVES.

The other day a young workman, busy on the roof of a Paris apartment house, lost his footing and fell sixty feet into the paved courtyard below. His companions, horrified, hurried down to pick up the shattered remains. As they reached him, they were paralysed with astonishment to see him rise slowly to his feet, and stare round in a dazed fashion.

"Well, I'm a regular death-deceiver," he remarked, as he felt himself all over. No bones were broken, and after a short rest and a "petit verre," he actually went back to his work.

Young Collier's Big Drop.

There are many "death-deceivers" among us. Some people seem able to fall almost any distance without coming to any serious harm. A young miner named Shenton is an example in point. One day in February, 1910, he was at work on a new inset at the Meadow Colliery in Staffordshire, and had just brought up a "tub" to load into the cage, which he thought was waiting in the shaft. As a matter of fact, the cage was not there, and Shenton followed the tub down to the bottom of the shaft, 249 feet below. It was naturally concluded that Shenton had met a terrible death, and those who witnessed the accident could hardly believe their ears when they heard cries for help from the bottom of the shaft.

The cage was lowered, and Shenton was found in the water at the bottom of the "sump." He had a slight cut on his head, but no other injuries whatever, and was able, in a few days, to resume work.

Only "Slightly Bruised."

Here is an incident from real life which no writer of the woolliest Wild West fiction would dare to duplicate. Adolf Stallman, a roof tinner, of Walkfuss, in Prussia, was at work on a roof some forty feet above the street, when a brick fell from a chimney above, hit him on the head, and knocked him off the roof. He fell on to a van laden with broken glass, rolled off into the street, picked himself up, and was at once struck by the mudguard of a passing motor-car and again knocked down.

He was "slightly bruised."

Buried in Broken Glass.

Talking of glass, there is a fireman in the Metropolitan Brigade who was helping to fight the flames in a bottle factory, when fourteen tons of glass fell upon and completely buried him. He was dug out as far as his head and shoulders, when another shower of glass buried him again.

He was rescued, taken to hospital, and for six months broken glass kept coming out of different parts of his body. Yet he is still one of the best men in the brigade.

Miss Fanny Day, a pretty New York girl, can boast of an escape which is more miraculous than anything recorded in fiction. She was going down the harbour with a merry party of eight friends when the yacht was run down and upset by a string of refuse scows which a tug was towing back into their dock.

Four of the party clung to the keel of the capsized yacht and were rescued; the other four were reported drowned, among them Miss Day. When the survivors reached home there was Miss Fanny alive and well!

Imprisoned in Dirty Chamber.

Her escape is almost unbelievable. When thrown into the water, suction drew her right under the barge. As she rose, her groping fingers struck the smooth bottom boards of the barge. She gave herself up for lost, when suddenly she was shot upwards, and found herself out of the water, imprisoned in a filthy, ill-smelling, and pitch-dark chamber.

What happened was this. At the very moment of the accident the trap doors at the bottom of the scow had been opened to discharge a load of garbage. When Miss Day rose through the water she had providentially struck the trap, which was still open. This closed behind her, leaving her imprisoned amid indescribable filth, but safe.

Her other three companions were drowned.

THE CAREER OF DUNLOP KANE:

No. VIII.—"SHIPS THAT PASS."

By
ADAM STERN,
Author of the well-known Selby Series which appeared in "Modern Man."

It was a Saturday evening, and wet.

Dunlop Kane told himself that he was entitled to feel mildly displeased when even the band admitted itself worsted by the elements. He was seated practically alone in the Elite Gardens at the Shepherd's Bush Exhibition, braving the discomfort of a violent storm of hail and rain simply for the enjoyment of listening to the Siegfried Idyll. But when the instrumentalists suddenly revolted, led by the example of their sleek and sentimental conductor, and with heads down and shoulders up made incontinently for better shelter, he looked about him resignedly, and then leisurely rose, wending his steps towards the café where they serve the best dinner.

There he selected a table near the window and continued to look out on the cheerless deserted scene, pitying the drenched flower-beds and the shivering roses bending helplessly before the storm.

The restaurant was all but empty, and waiters stood about dismally, reflecting, it would seem, on the advantages of the past as compared with the profitless present.

Seated at the next table to Kane's, facing him, and likewise alone, was a calm-faced girl in an unobtrusively well-cut costume, and wearing a most becoming dark hat. She had the air of unself-consciousness which is the endowment of a person of breeding. Her cheeks were pale, their contour perfect. Adorning the third finger of her left hand, visible as she rested her chin on her interlocked fingers, was a half-hoop diamond ring, brilliant in its platinum setting.

She, too, was looking out of the window.

Presently, however, Kane became aware that she had transferred her gaze to him. He could feel that she was deliberately inspecting him, searchingly summing him up—so prolonged a glance, indeed, that soon, almost against his will, he was forced to look at her in return.

To his surprise she did not flinch from the retaliation. She was meditatively biting one knuckle, and she continued to gaze at him, her eyes fixed and speculative, almost with an appeal in their depths. He turned his attention to the waiter for a moment, and then casually got to his feet, approaching her table and addressing her with perfect pleasantry.

"I feel sure you will forgive me if I happen to have made a mistake. But are we not acquainted? One forgets, sometimes . . ."

"To the best of my knowledge," she said, "I have never set eyes on you before."

"I am sorry," murmured Kane.

"I suppose you are thinking I have been staring at you abominably rudely?"

"Not rudely," said Kane. "Pointedly, shall we say?"

"I did it deliberately," she said. "I know it's unpardonable of me, but as you sat there I couldn't help thinking—how big-brotherly you looked. And it's such a wretched day," she added, as though that accounted for everything.

"So wretched is it," agreed Kane, "that a companion is a positive necessity. Let's take our dinner together."

"I was hesitating about having any," she said. "I hate having meals alone. But if you would like it. And strictly as chums—that is, each paying for his own."

"A bargain," said Kane. "And now we had better introduce ourselves. My name's Smith."

"And mine's Jones. No, it isn't. On second thoughts I like Brown better."

"How d'you do, Miss Brown?" said Kane.

"How d'you do?" she answered.

They shook hands cordially.

"I have always regarded myself," said Kane, "as one of the fortunate of the earth."

"It is getting brighter," she said, with a glance at the lightening sky.

"Naturally," said Kane.

They got on splendidly together.

* * *

He caught a strained look in her eyes once or twice, a set expression, as though outer considerations impinged on her mood occasionally, requiring to be resolutely pushed back.

"I've a confession to make," she said, reading his inquiring gaze; "I'm not supposed to be here. I really ought not to be. I'm supposed to be spending the day with a girl friend—but I *knew* she was away, even before I started to come. I intended having a day on my own." Her eyes were unhappy, her mouth rebellious.

Kane nodded and smiled.

"I'm not going back till *late*. We live at Croydon, you know. I —— No, I won't tell you that."

"As little as you like," said Kane.

"I ——" She closed her lips again. Suddenly she put out her hand across the table and pressed it down on one of Kane's, hard. "I'm miserable," she said. "Call me a fool-kid, but I'm miserable. I want taking out of myself. What shall we do?"

"Have you ever tried that lethean swoop they give you on the mountain railway?" said Kane.

"No," she said.

"Then come and try it," said Kane. They went after paying their bills.

She sucked in her breath as they tipped down the sickliest descent. She came up the following rise with hair blowing and eyes like stars.

"That's all right," she gasped. "I like that."

They stayed on for a second "go."

"Jemima!" she said, after the exhilaration had been repeated. "Was I holding your hand, Smithy?"

"Temporarily," he defended her.

"It's a strong hand," she whispered. "Big and comforting." And she went on holding it confidently, as a child might have done.

She paused and looked back, fascinated, when they had ultimately passed out through the turnstile.

"I wanted it to go over," she said. "All the time—I was wishing it would go over."

"Me, too?" asked Kane, with a comical side-glance at her.

"No! only me! Silly idiot that I am—and selfish. Come, let's forget all about care."

"To enjoy these pastimes artistically," said Kane, "one must wear a funereal face."

"I couldn't," she said. "*You*, can, if you like. What's this?"

"The Wiggle-Woggle," said Kane gravely. "Sure cure for the mentally distressed."

"And what next?" she inquired, as breathlessly they emerged.

"Everything," said Kane firmly. "We'll go the whole hog."

An hour and a half later they were in a state of physical disorganisation. The sky had cleared and the grounds were thronged with people. The murmuring of feet, voices and laughter commingled and filled the air. Illuminations sprang up everywhere, dispelling the threatening dark.

"Recovered?" asked Kane.

"Almost," she laughed. Then suddenly she changed. All atremble and flushing she said: "Oh, Smithy! if only it were you instead! If only it were you!"

He piloted her by the elbow, big-brotherly and masterful. "Supper next," he said. "Then a taxi to Victoria—and your first train home. You've been out quite long enough, you abandoned little rascal!"

She did not speak for a time. They walked through the Court of Honour in silence.

"I don't want any supper," she said at last. "I'll go home now." They got into a taxi without speaking.

"Smithy," she said—they were gliding past Hyde Park—"I'm being married on Monday—to a man I don't like. It isn't that there's anything bad about him—only I said 'Yes' before I properly thought—and now it's too late."

"Poor little girl," he answered gently.

"That's all. I don't want to make a fuss about it . . . Will you kiss me just once—Smithy dear . . ."

There were tears in her eyes as she smiled down on him from the carriage window. "Like ships that pass in the night," she whispered. "Good-bye, Smithy."

He stood with his head bared till the train was out of sight.

(*To be continued.*)

SWANK!

REFLECTIONS ON A CONTEMPTIBLE MAKE-BELIEVE.

Swank! A word of advice first. *If* you swank, *don't.* "Make believe" and "let's pretend" is the joy of life to children. With them the game is innocent and delicious. There is no taint of a lie; no shadow of hypocrisy. Their [illegible] and graces charm us. They "swank" with laughter [illegible] soft eyes . . . It is to be forgiven.

The grown-up game is evil, and demoralising.

Bluff at Its Worst.

Swank! The word was born in the late years of the nineteenth century. A disease was rampant and spreading. It needed a name. "Swank" came out of the word-world, offered itself, and was accepted. It was short, expressive, contemptuous. It fitted. And so pretence on a pedestal, with feet of clay, face of brass, and plenty of cheek, was named. The human ape, who could not be natural, became the swanker. We like him not.

Swanking, in speech, is impudence throwing its thin cloak over ignorance. The covering does not hide. It is too thin. In very truth it can be "seen through." It may win in a skirmish of phrases, but fails in the big engagement with facts.

Swanking is bluff at its worst. It is capital, watered and swollen, which regularly earns the dividend of contempt. The swanker must always be prepared to make his call good, like the bluffing card player. Put to the test he must fail, for while there *may* be a reserve behind bluff, there is nothing behind swank. Swank is the substitute for the real thing; it is a confession of deficiency. He is not worth powder and shot. He mistakes immunity for success. He thinks he has made a deep impression. He has! But it is the grave of his own reputation.

Social Suicide.

The ordinary use of a cheap watch is better than the frequent flourish of a (rolled) gold hunter. By that, and the like, the habit of swank grows. It is a parasite on honesty. We hoist ourselves on the petard of our own self-conceit [illegible] we swank—and are found out. It is social suicide. Discovery always comes. It's a cold world when we have to walk in it stripped of pretence. It is the fate of the swanker. Swanking is a pose, but it is well to remember that all models get tired, and resume their natural attitude. The swanker cannot afford to lapse, or rest. It is a strain. It would be better not to strain, but to come down, and be natural. That is the corrective of "swank." Be natural.

Swanking is the masquerade of the very ordinary in a misfit imitation of the superlative. It is the thinnest of veneers over common wood.

Be Natural.

To swank in accent is a vain endeavour to cross out the back years of your life, and the education your parents saw fit, or could afford, to give you. If we are not of the caste of Vere de Vere, we need not try to call the "waitah" with their accent. What is natural to one is ridiculous in another. The swank which ekes out the deficiencies of its grammar with the accent of the melodrama turns speech into a comedy. It's worth very little, except a collection of coppers from the amused.

Improvement is laudable in all things, but you can't be better than your natural self. Dual personalities are only found in novels. Swanking is a substitute, a short cut, to avoid the *work* of self-improvement.

To swank is to [illegible] the world to take you at your own valuation. It does—with a discount on which you couldn't [illegible]. The swanker lives beyond his means and talks beyond his knowledge. He orders a swank lunch, and goes without supper. He swanks in clothes, and sets an excellent example of what gentlemen *don't* wear.

Contemptible and Despicable.

In conclusion, swanking is a vice. It hyphens hypocrisy to the deliberate lie. The first is contemptible, and the latter the same, only more so. To ape a manner, an accent, to pretend to a knowledge, an income, to boast (and bolster up the boasting with a lie), to know everything, and to be on intimate terms with all the Somebodies is to swank. It is contemptible and despicable. You may try hard to "get on," but don't "put it on."

DIRTY FOODSTUFFS.

LIVERPUDLIAN'S COMPLAINT TO "MODERN MAN."

Writing from Liverpool, a correspondent has drawn the attention of *Modern Man* to what he describes as a "Disgrace in the conveyance of foodstuffs by rail," and hopes that something will speedily be done to alter the present state of affairs.

Devoid of Covering.

Given in his own terms the writer says: "Beef arrives at the stations in uncovered waggons and is seized by porters (who may have been handling anything beforehand, from passengers' trunks to dirty oil-lamps), and carried to the train by which it is to be conveyed to different places

"It is then packed in the luggage van without covering of any kind being placed on the floor; and on reaching its destination the sides of beef are thrown out on to the dirty platform to be again handled by porters, and sometimes the beef will be left waiting on the floor for the butcher's cart to come. Very rarely are sides of beef protected by a kind of sack arrangement.

"Of course, it may be urged that they can be thoroughly washed; but are they? And in any case I contend that with the handling they have received it is not washing they want, but thorough disinfecting.

Boxes Should be Used.

"As regards sheep, the facts are almost as bad. As a rule they are covered by a kind of sack arrangement, but not always, and in any case this is no protection for stuff that people have to eat.

"In my opinion all sheep should be packed in boxes when being conveyed by train. Bacon is nearly always conveyed in this manner. With beef it would, no doubt, be more difficult, but at least the sides should be properly covered, even if only by sacking. Further, covered carts should be used in conveyance to and from the stations.

Tempted to Turn Vegetarian.

"A good deal has been written on tuberculosis and other diseases rife in the country, giving so-called reasons for them, but what can we expect when the very food we have to eat is handled in such a manner? One is almost tempted to become a vegetarian even at the risk of being called a faddist. It would be better than being poisoned by bad meat.

"In my opinion, if an improvement could be made in the manner in which our foodstuffs are conveyed from place to place, it would go a long way in helping to stamp out the dreadful disease of tuberculosis, which is so rampant in our midst."

TO THE CLERK OF THE WEATHER.

Clerk of the weather!
Do stop this rain;
The fields are all oceans!
A pool is each lane!
The roads are all rivers,
And all do complain
Of that nuisance of nuisances—
Perpetual rain.

It's stopped all the cricket—
This terrible rain!
For a nice game of tennis
We long for in vain!
The sea-shore is deserted,
And all do maintain
They are driven to drinking
By this terrible rain.

"Enough," I've heard often,
"Is as good as a feast";
We've had rain in plenty
To suit man and beast;
So, Clerk of the Weather,
You will kindly, perhaps,
Now give us some sunshine,
And turn off the taps!

FOLLOWING THE WHISTLE.

FOOTBALL NOTES AND FORECASTS.

Owing to the limited space at my command, I did not have an opportunity of referring to any of the Southern League teams last week, so will devote a little space to them now.

Justification for Optimism.

Queen's Park Rangers, last year's champions, again have a strong side this season, and are already talking of occupying the same position when next April comes round, and there certainly seems some justification for their optimism.

Quite naturally, Plymouth Argyle, the runners up, are hoping to go one better, and if they do not land at the top it will not be through lack of either enthusiasm or hard work. They are a good, evenly balanced side, very difficult to beat on their own ground, and any team that brings two points away from Home Park will have accomplished something to be proud of.

West Ham's Success.

West Ham opened the season in auspicious style, whipping Exeter to the extent of 4—1, and, like Plymouth, they will send many teams away crestfallen.

Millwall have great hopes of accomplishing big things this season, and if they play up to the standard of their trial games they will gain more than an average number of points.

It goes without saying that Swindon are certain to make great headway, and we may expect teams like Northampton and Brighton to see to it that they are not left in the ruck.

Going to Stay There.

Portsmouth after a season in the second division are back amongst their old opponents again, and are going to stop there.

We may not expect them to shine particularly well during the first few weeks of the season, but when they get properly settled down they will be putting in some useful work.

For the first time on record a Welsh team comes into the League, and it will be interesting to see what effect the inclusion of the team from Merthyr Town has upon other parts of the Principality. Soccer is fast coming into favour in what has hitherto been the Rugby stronghold, and we may expect to see other clubs, who have not treated the game very seriously, now struggling to equal the feat of Merthyr.

This week I am endeavouring to forecast a few results, but I would warn my readers not to place too much reliance on any prophecies until we can gather some idea of the form.

Those teams given in capital letters I expect to win, and where neither team is given in capitals a draw is predicted.

HOME TEAMS.

BLACKBURN ROVERS v. Tottenham H.
SUNDERLAND v. Derby County.
WOOLWICH ARSENAL v. Bolton Wanderers.
BRISTOL CITY v. Leicester Fosse.
CLAPTON ORIENT v. Burnley.
CRYSTAL PALACE v. Portsmouth.

AWAY TEAMS.

Manchester City v. ASTON VILLA.
Blackpool v. BURY.
Grimsby Town v. FULHAM.
Gillingham v. QUEEN'S PARK RANGERS.
Watford v. WEST HAM UNITED.

POSSIBLE DRAWS.

Reading v. Milwall Athletic.
Plymouth v. Swindon.

Customer: How are things going at the auction?
Auctioneer: Oh, for little or nothing.
Customer: Well, you may knock that sideboard down to me for nothing.

MY NOTE BOOK.

RUSH FOR SHAVING SETS.

I really cannot help patting myself on the back for I seem to hit the nail on the head every time.

First my Fountain Pens, which readers proclaim better than other well-known 10s. 6d. makes, and now the Complete *Modern Man* Shaving Set. Talk about demand, there has been a positive rush for them—orders coming in by the sackful all day long—the manufacturers jumping with glee at already getting another huge order for supply.

I find, however, the trouble with most readers is to get six copies, the newsagents being so quickly sold out.

One reader writes: "When I bought my *Modern Man* this week I had a glance at it coming out of the shop, and when I read your latest generous offer I quickly slipped back for another five copies, but he had only two more left, so I bought these and called at another shop and got two more, and then went to the bookstall at the station and got another one."

Such and similar are experiences of all readers sending in, so I want to impress upon you all the necessity of insisting upon your newsagent ordering more copies of *Modern Man* for you when required, as this is *the* way you can help me get that 500,000 readers; also ask your newsagent to show one of our posters.

* * *

A NOVELTY IN ADVERTISING.

Concerning the paper itself every week sees an increase in the number of letters received from all parts of the country expressing a high opinion of it.

"Your paper is absolutely the best I have read," writes "C.P." (Redcar, Yorks.), "and you cannot claim any too great distinction for it. Everyone to whom I have given a copy now buys it himself."

"J.C.C." (Sheffield) has hit upon quite a novel idea of advertising *Modern Man* among his shopmates. He has displayed a poster on the revolving machine which he works.

"J.P." (Chelsea) thinks "*Modern Man* great in its new form."

* * *

LADY READER AND MORMONISM.

Just as we got to press a letter comes from a lady reader couched in the following terms:

"Will you in all justice and as becomes your great love of "fair play" publish my letter re your great discussion on Mormonism?

"I am not a Mormon, but I have carefully and studiously discussed their religion and their missionary methods, and now know that their religion is solely Biblical, their methods just and straightforward.

"Why will people go to the opposition party to get the truth? Why will they not go to the Mormons themselves? The Mormons' "Latter Day Saints" are a peace-loving people, working solely for the love of their fellowmen and their Maker, Jesus Christ; also for their religious convictions, which they openly declare.

"Why are they so persecuted by the English people who love justice? Will any of your numerous readers kindly answer me? Hoping you will justly publish this for one who dearly loves truth and justice.

"A WOMAN."

* * *

IRISHMAN AND MIXED BATHING.

The paragraph given in "Plain Speaking" in support of mixed bathing has not been allowed to pass unquestioned. In an interesting letter "H.B.H.," an old Irish reader, now in his eighty-third year, says: "In a retrospect I can take in all the changes in social life for more than two generations, and I cannot help feeling that in many ways we are 'degenerate grown and base.' That men and women should meet and mix together in the water in such scanty covering is positively indecent, and if it is permissible to associate in sea, river or bath in such a fashion why not walk abroad in the same clothing?

"We object to suggestive novels, but what is there so demoralising as half-clad men and women associating as they do on the sands after bathing as well as in the water?

"Mixed bathing is of French introduction, and in France this familiarity of the sexes is bringing purity of thought into contempt. The population of France is fast declining."

YOUR EDITOR.

THE MODERN MAN.—No. 9: MR. A. W. GAMAGE.

Bedford furnishes the man to whom half a world goes for requirements of recreation, from motor-cars to match-sticks, from shuttlecocks to shooting outfits.

Starting as a draper's boy in a little shop at Kingston, Bedford, Mr. Gamage was only sixteen when he arrived in London, sailed into a big drapers to interview one of the principals, and got himself engaged to dress the umbrella window. At that time he had no more idea of dressing a window than the man in the moon, but, when he essayed the bewildering task, he was aided by a friendly assistant in the next window and was saved.

Certainly the lad never looked back after that narrow escape, and was promoted to another department, where he worked for twelve months.

Then the buyer left, and young Gamage went up and applied for the vacant post. His master looked keenly at him for a moment. "Well, I like your cheek," he said in a tone which meant that he really did not like it at all.

Time passed and experience came, and ambition began to torment. He called upon the head of the big firm of Whitehcock, Williams, and Co., who informed him there was no opening. "Oh, but I'm determined to enter your firm," he said, "and I shall call here until I do."

Sir George Williams vowed that he could not engage him, but he was quite wrong, for at the fifth time of asking Mr. Gamage joined the staff at St. Paul's Churchyard. And there he stayed for several years, making himself a good and competent servant.

His chief friend was another assistant, whose mother was housekeeper to the firm, and it was she who, quite involuntarily, set him on the road to fortune.

At the time of the change he had £45 by him, a big sum, considering that he had been unselfishly assisting his parents for some years. One day the housekeeper asked him to call at a jeweller's in Holborn and leave her watch to be repaired, and it was whilst discharging his errand that he learned that a little shop adjoining the jeweller's was to let at a premium of only £100, and a rent of £200.

Young Gamage heard the words, "Thou art the man," and he induced another fellow assistant to join him. Between them they managed to put up £150, and in the way of stock succeeded in securing credit up to £30 a month.

At the end of three years the junior decided to marry and put his capital into another enterprise. He offered to sell out for £400; the matter went to arbitration, and the award was £425. The partners parted the best of friends, and with the highest mutual respect.

Left to his own resources, Mr. Gamage has never looked back. The shop in Holborn is now one of the finest in the kingdom, with acres of floors and incredible variety of stock.

The Modern Woman's Special.

Summoned for stealing a woman's bathing costume from the beach at Frinton-on-Sea, a boy of eleven was said to have worn the costume as an undershirt.

* * *

Sometimes two is a crowd.

* * *

With a good many young men love is a matter of losing the head rather than the heart.

* * *

Told by the Face.

The following are among the chief characteristics to be noted in connection with the science of telling what particular facial features denote.

A fairly large nose is a sign of an active progressive disposition; one that "gets ahead" in the world, and is a good sign, if not too pronounced. A long, straight nose denotes a fine, high-spirited nature, and a small nose is indicative of lack of energy and temperament.

Thick lips denote a coarse, amorous disposition, but are sometimes to be found in geniuses—such as great musicians. Thin, fine lips, having very little of the red showing, denote a cruel, hard nature, one lacking in warmth and affection. Moderately full lips are the best, and they should be moist, and not hard and dry.

A clear, steady eye is a good sign; while a shifting, constantly moving eye is the reverse. Never trust a person who will not look you in the eye and cannot be made to do so. A large pupil generally denotes abundant physical energy, accompanied by a highly nervous disposition. A small pupil indicates a mental, analytic mind which subjects everything to criticism, and is not usually sympathetic or emotional.

* * *

Here we are again. News comes from Budapest that the daughter of the jockey Herr S. Bulford has applied for a license to the Jockey Club.

Fraulein Bulford has been fully trained as a jockey and intends to commence her career on the turf at the Megyer races. This will be the first occasion, say the papers, on which a woman has ridden as a professional.

* * *

Wife Sold for £21.

Judging from a story coming from Szinervaralja, wives are still bought and sold in Hungary. A house painter there, named Ladislaus Marton, sold his lawfully wedded wife to his comrade, Matthias Legrady, for 50 crowns (£21).

After the contract for sale and purchase had been duly signed the three signatory parties adjourned to a restaurant, where they enjoyed a festival repast, the cost of which amounted to more than half the selling price of the wife. After the feast the woman went off to the home of her new husband.

Some Englishmen are envious.

Miss Antique (taking politely proffered seat in crowded railway carriage): Thank you, my little man. You have been taught to be polite I am glad to see. Did your mother tell you to always give up your seat to ladies?

Polite Boy: No'm, not all ladies, only old ladies.

* * *

Dazzling Hose.

Golden shoes and stockings, or silver shoes and stockings will be the order of the day when the dancing season begins in the autumn, and they will resemble the metals they represent as nearly as possible. No golden browns or silver greys will be considered correct. Shoes will be finished off with diamond buckles.

This fashion will not necessarily entail a heavy burden on the dress allowance, for silken hosiery of the two metal shades to match gilded and silvered footgear may easily be obtained. There will also be some pure gold and silver stockings woven from gold and silver thread.

* * *

A Profitable Pretence.

Part of the late General Booth's great success was attributed to his ability as a raconteur.

He was fond of telling the following story. Two poor women were talking. One asked the other, "Where did you get that pretty dress for the baby? It's 'most as good as new."

"The rich folks on the corner gave it to me," was the answer.

"Why," said the first woman, "I've asked them for help several times, but they have always refused me."

"Well, you see," explained the other, "I didn't let on it was for myself. I pretended I was collecting cast-off things for the heathen."

* * *

Strange, But True.

A woman will take longer to decide whether salmon pink or magenta green goes best with her latest complexion than a man will be in choosing a new pipe from a whole trayful. If one sweet thing says "My new gown is of silver [illegible] with sequins—what's yours?" the other fair creature will hesitate and cogitate for ten minutes, whereas a man, asked a similar question, would out at once with a decided answer according to his fancy.,

In dress, woman is particularly insane. She will wear whole aviaries on her hats, and will array her body in the skins of harmless animals, all of which fur and feather is obtained by more or less cruel means. Yet at the same time she will subscribe to societies for the suppression of just such forms of cruelty and will shrink at the crack of a whip-lash.

* * *

He couldn't get on without his wife.

* * *

Princess Katherine Radziwill, whose name was [illegible] recently before the public in connection with the [illegible] Rhodes, is writing a book of her adventures, says [illegible]. It will, it is asserted, cause a greater sensation [illegible] the ex-Crown Princess Louise's memoirs.

STRUGGLING ARTISTS.

HOW THE COUNTRY OUGHT TO ASSIST THEM.

Art, in all its forms, meets with but a poor reception nowadays. Some have even asserted that the modern man lacks the quality of being able to appreciate it. At any rate, England of all nations betrays least inclination to foster it.

People, though willing to admire, will not pay for art; and this particularly applies to the art of painting.

Unfortunately, many individuals are unable to patronise art with their money. For them the public gallery and [illegible] p windows must suffice. To actually possess the pictures [illegible]mire is quite out of the question. Too great are other and more pressing demands upon their slender resour[illegible]

But we also have the rich man. He to whom the buying of a picture is a matter of small consequence. Yet, what does [illegible] Why, merely purchase the picture (should he [illegible] it) for as low a figure as possible, using, no [illegible] dealer, or one equally well versed in the business, negotiate for him.

Tied and Fettered.

Thus is the artist tied and fettered. Either he must take what is offered and live, or refuse, keep his picture and starve. When he is "non est" these same people will probably fight, figuratively speaking, to obtain his works, and money being no longer the object, they will pay ridiculous prices to procure what they desire.

How about the nation? Well, the nation always patronises a few known and "petted" artists. She will buy their pictures for anything from a thousand upwards; but more particularly does she do this in regard to "old masters."

Some one scenting a haul threatens to sell to a foreign purchaser one of these "old masters," and allow it to be taken out of the country, unless—— Yes, unless the country likes to bid a higher figure. And the funny part is that ten to one she does. So the seller pockets the money and laughs at her eager simplicity.

I am not an artist, but nevertheless I do say this, that this sort of thing is radically unfair. Why not give the living artists a chance? Never mind the dead. No matter how proud we are of their works, we can do them no good; while, on the other hand, in patronising modern paintings we are helping to keep flesh and blood alive.

Important Proposition.

Now then, this is what I propose. The next time the English nation feels inclined to part with, say, seventy thousand pounds, all to be paid to one man, for one picture to hang in one gallery, that will do nobody any good, let the English nation split the big sum up into lots of five thousand each, and offer each lot as a prize for the best picture or pictures on various subjects that shall be exhibited within a certain period. This sort of thing would encourage struggling artists to cling to their art, yet still exist thereby.

I say cling to their art, and rightly, too, for many alas! can earn more by forsaking true poetic art and turning aside to [illegible]bble in the "smutty" creations to be observed in the picture postcard shops.

O.E.B.

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QUITE PERSONAL.

CRISP PARS AND ANECDOTES.

Quickness of repartee on the stage has always been a strong point with Mr. G. H. Chirgwin, the "White Eyed Kaffir," and he tells many stories to illustrate this:—

"I was on one occasion singing an alleged Irish song in Ireland, when a typical Pat stood up indignantly, and called out in a loud voice, with a brogue that could be cut with a knife: 'Och, ye spalpeen, an' wheers yer brogue intoirely,' when I stopped in my song and replied, "Why, you've got it!"

Chirgwin claims to have originated the phrase "Half a mo'," which he says he uses to curb the impatience of his audiences when they call for "Blind Boy" or other special items.

* * *

FOUGHT SHY OF A FIG.

As a boy the Attorney-General (Sir Rufus Isaacs), who has been enjoying a holiday on the Continent, ran away from home and got a berth on a sailing vessel bound for the West Indies. He then entered a stockbroker's office, and later was on the Stock Exchange for a time.

It was then he started to study law, and he threw himself so whole-heartedly into his new ambition that success was assured. The first case he had was one in which he defended a dealer summoned for selling bad figs. The plaintiff, in the course of his evidence, said that if the judge would eat one of the figs he would soon give his decision, for it would make him ill.

The judge replied that he could not see his way clear to run any risk in that way, but suggested that as Mr. Isaacs was defending the fig dealer he might do so.

Mr. Isaacs also declined, but turning to his client, remarked that he (the client) might do so. The fig dealer then whispered to Mr. Isaacs: "What will happen if I don't eat one of the figs?" and upon receiving the answer, "Why, you will lose your case," the dealer responded, "Well, personally, I prefer to do that than eat one of the figs!"

* * *

PICKPOCKETS' TACTICS.

Lord Balcarres once held the theory that pickpockets always manoeuvred from the opposite side to that of the pocket it was intended to pick. But a friend, walking with him in the East End one day, showed him that his contention was wrong. He slyly inserted his hand into his lordship's pocket on the same side as he was walking—the right. But Lord Balcarres felt the intrusion, and, promptly turning to the man who happened to be on the left, he punched him in the chest with the exclamation,

"Ah! would you?" A fight was only averted by the confession of the offender and the placid temper of the rather large person who had been assaulted.

The body of Lord Balcarres' grandfather, the late Earl of Balcarres and Crawford, was stolen from the mausoleum at Dunecht House, near Aberdeen. At the height of the mystery, a party of spiritualists from London conducted a number of occult investigations. But, whether with their aid or not, the remains of the deceased earl were found, after a lapse of two months, by a poacher, who had been sworn to secrecy by the thieves, and who afterwards received five years penal servitude as an accessory. The body was finally interred near the other family seat at Wigan.

* * *

THE NERVY MARQUIS.

It is recounted that Prince Ito and the present Premier, Marquis Saionji, were the only statesmen unafflicted with bad nerves when talking to the late Emperor of Japan, while the Marquis Matsugata was so very nervous that he was never able to say anything distinctly except "I will have careful investigation made, your Majesty."

On one occasion his Majesty, after giving the marquis certain instructions, asked him, "How many children have you in all, marquis?" to which came the prompt reply, "I will have careful investigation made, your Majesty," which is said to have caused the monarch intense amusement, for the Marquis is blessed with a full quiver.

FURTHER WARNING TO BRITISH GIRLS.

SEA CAPTAIN AND THE MORMON PERIL.

The previous articles in *Modern Man* on the subject of the Mormon peril throughout the British Isles have, we are gratified to say, done an immensity of good. From all parts of the United Kingdom, but especially from the North of England, where the nefarious campaign is being conducted with especial energy, we have received many letters from fathers and mothers of young girls congratulating us on the work we have done, and urging us on to further endeavours.

Crushing a Foul Serpent.

Nor do we need any urging. We will not rest content until this foul serpent which has reared its vicious head to strike at England's young womanhood has been crushed beneath the iron heel of the infuriated British public.

This week—having, we imagine, proved conclusively the widespread character of the Mormon danger in these islands—we purpose giving as clear an idea as possible of the methods used by the nefarious Transatlantic emissaries in order to fill the harems of their employers in Utah.

It must not be forgotten that these emissaries are no respecters of social position. Every unmarried woman is affected by the Mormon danger, no matter what may be her station in life.

We are now in a position to state that the Mormon "missionaries" have divided up the United Kingdom into thirteen great sections, each of which is covered by a band of "evangelists" composed as follows: A President, several elders, and a large body of "teachers" and "priests." The latter's duty is house-to-house visitation, which they do with a zeal and thoroughness worthy of a far better cause. Attired in orthodox clerical garb, these individuals pay calls to any houses where there are women inmates (choosing, for preference, those where there are no men to protect or advise those same women). Underneath his arm each carries a large Bible; and from his outward appearance he would be taken for an ordinary church worker.

Plausible Jargon.

Realising, of course, the strong antipathy which rightfully characterises every Englishwoman against plural marriages, these foul go-betweens are careful to make no mention whatever of such matters. They do not, indeed, ever refer to themselves as Mormons; but spout a great length of plausible jargon about the sect of "Latter Day Saints" and their desire to lead every woman towards the "Truth" and "Light."

Their next step is to descant on the high wages to be earned by women workers of all grades in Utah. A governess, for instance, will be told that she can double her income by taking a position in that desirable place; a domestic servant will be commiserated with on the smallness of her wages, the arduous nature of her employment, and so forth, and a delightful picture will be painted for her benefit of the easy work and big pay which she might enjoy as a servant in a Utah home.

Passage money, indeed, is provided for this type of girl; and this is the principal weapon in these rascals' armoury. For, arrived in the distant and entirely strange country of "Zion," the poor dupe is immediately confronted with a demand for the return of the passage money. Of course, she cannot pay it back: and in practically every case the wretched girl is forced to take the only alternative—unwilling membership of a Mormon harem.

Horrible Work at Sea.

Another disgraceful method adopted by the Mormon emissaries is exposed by the following letter addressed to us by the captain of a Transatlantic steamer.

Says this gentleman, with all the earnestness of a true sailor: "I cannot give sufficient strength to my endorsement of your statements about the Mormons in Great Britain, or to my hearty good wishes for your success in the noble work you have undertaken.

"I, as the master of a vessel plying between England and the States, have seen much horrible work being done, even on board ship. Girls going out as steerage passengers to marry young farmers in Canada and elsewhere have been approached by these Mormon ruffians masquerading as fellow steerage passengers, and cunningly dissuaded from their original intention in favour of apparently brighter prospects in Utah.

"It is a common practice among settlers in Canada, when they have acquired a competency, to write to the workhouse-master in their native town requesting that a girl should be sent out (provided she be willing) to marry the settler.

"A great many girls go out in this way; and I sincerely trust that this letter of mine may reach any such girls, so that they may be warned in time against smooth-tongued miscreants who want them to forsake a good home with a good man in Canada for what is nothing less than a life of shame among the 'Latter Day Saints.'—F. W. A. (Birkenhead)."

At the Registry Office.

It is, of course, chiefly among girls who are out-of-[work] that the Mormon missionaries find the great majority of their dupes. And it has come to our knowledge that one of their customs is to obtain from thoughtless or unscrupulous registry-office-keepers, the names and addresses of the out-of-work domestics on their books. They then call at the addresses, and lure the unfortunate girls to Utah with offers of lucrative situations there.

At the present time a vigorous campaign is being conducted in South and North London. We especially warn girls living in the following neighbourhoods against plausible clerical-looking individuals who ask them if they are interested in the "Truth":—

STREATHAM (Fernthorpe Road, Mitcham Lane, and Biegborough Road).
TOOTING.
CROYDON.
HIGHGATE.
HARRINGAY.
HORNSEY (The Mormon headquarters here are close to the South Tottenham Railway Station).

It is presumable, however, that when this article has been digested by the public, these astute rascals will flit to other districts, as they did from Brixton; so that our warning is directed to every girl in the country.

Cinematograph Campaign.

It is worthy of note that the cinematograph is being pressed into the service, both by the indignant adversaries of the Mormon movement and by these wretches themselves. Anti-Morman leagues in the United States of America are showing excellent films all over the country, presenting in the clearest possible manner the operations of the proselyting "Latter Day Saints." This lead, too, has been followed in England; and here is a case in illustration of the good work that has been done.

A few months ago, as the writer has good authority for stating, Mormon missionaries had installed themselves in Fulham in preparation for an energetic campaign. At about that time, however, it so happened that an electric theatre in the North End Road secured some startling films from America, demonstrating the Mormon peril; and, widely advertised in the district, these were witnessed by thousands of people. Needless to say, the missionaries thought better of their designs on the girlhood of Fulham, and disappeared as unobtrusively as they had come.

So great indeed is the feeling engendered in the States by the Anti-Mormon films that the Mormon Church is beginning to feel frightened. Consequently that degraded sect has decided to produce special films of their own, in order, if possible, to counteract the impression produced by the Anti-Mormons. We doubt very much, however, whether they will enjoy any measure of success. It is certain, at any rate, that they will not dare to produce any such films in the United Kingdom. In such far-spread districts as Liverpool, Birmingham, Portsmouth, Nuneaton, Sunderland, and Manchester, evidence is being collected by Anti-Mormon leagues in conclusive proof of our charges against the nefarious missionaries.

We are also glad to [note] that several other newspapers are following the lead of *Modern Man* in exposing the actions of these scoundrels in England; and we wish them every success.

We urge every brother and every engaged man to keep a watchful eye open and a strong arm always ready for the protection of his sister or his future wife.

MOTOR AND PEDAL CYCLING; USEFUL HINTS ON MANY POINTS.

Our Free Exchange Bureau, established for the exchange, sale and purchase of motor and pedal cycles, continues to be widely appreciated, and the only stipulation which is made in connection with it is that a reader must make his requirements known in not more than twelve words, to be written on the coupon printed in next column.

Please state in your letter if you prefer a box number or your address to appear in the advertisement.

THE FORTHCOMING SHOW.

The principal features of this year's motor cycle show will be the advent of cycle-cars, which of late have been consistently successful in trials in general, and the enterprising manufacturers, who have devoted their time to experimenting in this direction, appear to be on the eve of reaping the results of their labours.

Variable speed gears may be expected to rank as standard fittings to most models, the consistent successes of machines thus fitted in competitions having created a demand that manufacturers cannot afford to ignore. This adjunct, however, will add close upon a ten pound note to the price of each model.

The Variable Gear.

The uses of a three-speed gear are two-fold. It enables the engine to tackle a heavier load, and as regards solo riding renders riding in traffic not unpleasant. Those riders, and they are legion, of fixed engines of, say, 3½ h.p., know only too well the horrors of riding in slow traffic, the constant tugs of the engine when picking up, and the consequent strain on belt, tyres, and temper.

The D compressor, which is the name given to the invention, device for varying the engine compression will convert a 3½ h.p., geared 4 to 1, to fire evenly and regularly at 3 m.p.h., thus giving easy starting and slow running, and the price is extremely moderate considering the advantages obtained.

Mudguards.

Improvement of every description has been introduced during the last few years, but the style of so-called mudguarding remains the same. Let us hope that the weather we have been our lot to face this summer may bring before the manufacturers the urgent need of reform in this direction.

Preservation of Carbide.

Now that lighting up time is asserting itself earlier, lamps are demanding their share of attention, and probably some of my readers, by bitter experience, have found out that a charge of carbide is of very little use after having been kept in the generator for two or three days.

A simple method of avoiding this annoyance is as follows: On purchasing a tin of carbide, pour in it a small quantity of paraffin, give a gentle shake or two, and then drain off. This "coats" the carbide, and a charge so treated can be carried in the generator weeks before use without the slightest signs of deterioration. The only drawback, if such it can be called, is that on first turning on the water the gas is not generated quite so quickly.

Cycle Bells.

Legislation is needed to compel every cyclist to use a bell. Nine out of ten use bells, but there are always those persons, come what may, who will be "different," and in consequence use various instruments to give "audible warning," the most fiendish of which is the syren, rotated by the front wheel.

The other day a novice in cycling complained to me of the way the smallest hill tired him. Upon examining his machine I at once came across the cause of the trouble—a tight head.

It may not seem feasible that a tight head should make hill-climbing a drudgery, but nevertheless it is so.

Loosen the head of your machine and tackle a hill. Then try the same hill with the head so loose that it moves quite freely without any shaking when the handlebar is lifted up, and note the difference.

There has been a lot of argument recently as to whether a thick or a thin oil should be used for a lubricant. After giving both a good trial, I am of the opinion that the former is the better of the two. The cleanest and most efficient lubricant is vaseline, and a little goes a long way.

I would like to have the opinions of my readers on the subject.

A.R.W.

MOTOR CYCLES.

Werner, 3-h.p., twin, magneto, B. and B. Carburetter, good tyres, perfectly sound, £16.—Davis, Tooting Junction, London, S.W.

Douglas, 1911½, model "E," two speeds, clutch, numerous accessories, £34.—Coates, 2, Padwell Avenue, Southampton.

"His Master's Voice" gramophone, latest model. "Monarch," £6 10s. Or exchange for motor cycle.—W. E. Beauchamp, 10, Clonmell Road, Philip Lane, Tottenham.

Rex, 6-h.p., 1909, magneto, £23. Motor Box 40, "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Rex, 3½-h.p., in splendid running order, £10.—Motor Box 41, "Modern Man" (as above).

Rudge, 1912, free engine, lamp and spares, £60. Bradford (Yorks.) district.—Apply in first instance to Motor Box 42, "Modern Man" (as above).

Motosacoche, 1¼-h.p., magneto, free engine, excellent condition, £18.—Motor Box 43, "Modern Man" (as above).

N.S.U., 3½-h.p., three-speed, new belt, £39.—Motor Box 44, "Modern Man" (as above).

CYCLES.

Wanted B.S.A., 22-in. frame, 26 in. specials, upturns and low gear. State lowest price for cash.—George Watts, 122, Dalberg Road, Brixton, London, S.W.

B.S.A., gentleman's 26 in. roadster, Dunlops, accessories, £3 15s.—Brown, 50, Ramsden Road, Balham, London, S.W.

Gent's roadster, 26 in. frame, Eadie coaster, good condition, £2.—Cycle Box 16, "Modern Man" (as above).

Aerial, 24 in. frame, coaster hub, Brook's saddle, must sell £4 10s. Or accept good revolver as part exchange.—Cycle Box 17, "Modern Man" (as above).

Royal Enfield, 26 in. wheels, in splendid order; exchange for model printing press.—Cycle Box 18, "Modern Man" (as above).

Readers will oblige by letting us know immediately a sale or exchange has been effected.

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Motor and Pedal Cycle Exchange.

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Name and Address _____

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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

BY OUR PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

Will Find Your Weak Spot.

A useful change from the usual "expander" or "exerciser" movements is to be found in attaching one end of the "expander" to a hook or hooks screwed into the floor.

If you don't possess a regular "expander" it is easy to improvise one out of two or three lengths of strong rubber cord and a couple of pieces of wood for handles.

The exercise here illustrated, and the movements of which are sufficiently explained by the diagram, is calculated to find out your weak spot if you have one. As a combination of stooping and lifting, and a movement which thoroughly exercises leg, arm, back and, to some extent, chest and neck muscles, it would take a lot of beating.

Be careful, however, not to strain yourself at it. At first don't do it unless you can do it pretty easily. With steady practice you will be able to increase the number of expander cords until you can pull or lift the equivalent of a considerable weight. Inhale as you go down, exhale as you rise.

Football Training.

The professional footballer, of course, started and completed his preliminary football training last month, but the average amateur has been holiday making, and is just getting fit for football.

When turning out for the first practices be particularly careful thoroughly to massage the legs before leaving the pavilion or dressing room. Lots of men massage their legs after play, but do not think of doing so before-hand. It is, however, most important to have the muscles warm before starting play, for they are going to be subjected to unaccustomed strains, and may easily be strained or even snapped if cold and hard.

The amateur is apt to overdo practice at the start. I know one famous professional forward whose actual practice consists of no more than two half-hours a week. But, of course, he keeps himself fit at other times, and his recipe for being always more or less in training is a sharp five mile walk a day, match days excepted. Jumping, skipping, and "shadow" boxing are particularly good exercises for goalkeepers.

Dancing on the toes and hopping are good for forwards. A back wants well developed thighs and calf muscles. This may be obtained by kicking exercises, described in a previous article. Also by attaching an "expander" to the floor as for the exercise given this week, and using the foot instead of the hand to stretch it.

Deep breathing exercises are good for footballers as for everyone else.

Iodine for Injuries.

In a recent number of the *British Medical Journal* there is an interesting article by Fleet-Surgeon Wildey, R.N., on the uses of iodine in first-aid treatment accidental wounds.

By iodine is meant the alcoholic solution of iodine, to be procured from any chemist, and which I recommend my readers to "keep handy," like a certain famous cherry brandy.

Fleet-Surgeon Wildey has found spraying or flushing with iodine of the utmost use in the case of really serious accidents such as occur on ships and in dockyards; useful, that is, in preventing septic or blood poisoning of the wound.

It is equally efficacious, however, for slight cuts and abrasions such as footballers, hockey players and cyclists are liable to incur.

These wounds may be trifling in themselves, but they expose the victim to a serious risk of Tetanus (lock-jaw). As Fleet-Surgeon Wildey says: "How frequently do we find tetanus a fatal termination to apparently insignificant injuries.

"The football player and the cyclist too often fall victims to this, the most appalling of wound infections; and yet we have in iodine solution, if promptly applied, a ready means of prevention."

Answers to Correspondents.

F.S. (Denmark Hill).—[illegible] he lives regularly and takes plenty of exercise, yet suffers almost continuously from [illegible] be the root of the trouble. Pending [illegible] oculist he should consult a general practitioner who will tell him whether his eyes are out of order and whether he should have a specialist's advice.

R.P. (Dover).—We should give ten years as the average "life" of the professional footballer, and a well-conducted man, who has been given a benefit, should then be able to retire with a nest-egg of at least £500.

C.L. (Wolverhampton).—A Territorial, unlike a Regular soldier, is not precluded from playing football as a professional.

"KNAPSACK" (West Kensington).—A fair load for a man to carry when marching on a walking tour is one-third of his body weight. Thus a 12-stone man should be able without undue fatigue to carry a knapsack and other impedimenta weighing 4 stone or 56 lbs. The British soldier is overweighted. His average weight is 10 stone. Therefore the proper load for him would be, roughly, 3½ lbs, but [illegible] actually carries a trifle over 59 lbs. But he puts in some pretty good [illegible] all the same.

T.A. (Brixton).—Try Quaker Oats an hour before your breakfast.

D.S. (Greenock).—Measurements very good as a whole, but your calves are undersized. Try *moderate* skipping and hopping, not more than five minutes at a time of either, or oftener than twice a day.

MISS G. D. (Sydenham).—We don't care what other people say, we are convinced from practical observations and experience that hockey is anything but a good game for girls.

"JACK JIM."—Try tincture of cantharides, 2 [illegible] spirit of rosemary 1 ounce, acetic acid 1 ounce, rose water to make 8 ounces; apply a little night and morning to the scalp, and afterwards the hair should be kept soft by rubbing in a little pomade.

E.L. (Margate).—Tea should not be taken with, nor immediately after, a meat meal. It turns meat into something like leather and sets up dyspepsia.

POSSESS A STRONG FACE.

"The St. Settef Course of Will-Culture" (Entered at Stationers' Hall) teaches how to develop your Will-Power to double its present strength in a few months. Your mouth and jaw become firmer and stronger, your eyes keener and more lustrous, and your gaze truly magnetic. Your whole face and bearing will denote increased Power, Courage and Strength of Character. **You will possess stronger personality.** The fee for the whole Course (four absorbingly interesting lessons is only **2/6**) (foreign postage 6d extra). Course sent in plain sealed package. **Enrol to-day, next week will see you delighted with your progress.**

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Total ...	**6s. 6d.**	**Free to My Readers.**

I make this generous offer to you to ensure your aid in recommending your friends to purchase "Modern Man" every week.

"Modern Man" is the finest paper now published; I would not miss my "Modern Man" for words; it is without doubt the best pennyworth to be had.

Such are the comments of our readers by every post, and I therefore feel it is only necessary for me to offer a little encouragement to my readers to make "Modern Man" known to their friends, fellow workers in business, etc., by handing them a copy of the current issue, to quickly secure a round 500,000 readers. We are fast approaching these figures, but I want your help to attain my object before Xmas.

HELP ME and I will HELP YOU.

All I ask is that you will distribute six copies of the current issue of "Modern Man" among likely readers, but before doing so cut out the "Shaving Set" coupon on page 1330.

Send the six coupons to me together with a P.O. for 1/- to cover carriage and packing expenses of the Shaving Set and I will send you by return the "Modern Man" Silver-plated Safety Razor, Silver-plated Stropper and special stick of Shaving Soap, all complete in case, **absolutely free of charge.**

Address your letter to—Editor, "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, and mark in the top left hand corner "Free Shaving Set."

Send Now Before Your Chance is Gone.

STOCKS AND SHARES.

BY THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

Markets all round have been active during the account just ending, which is a good omen for the autumn.

* * *

As I predicted, Rhodesians are receiving attention, and there is no doubt this market is going to be taken in hand, which means higher prices throughout the list.

* * *

My readers who have already purchased Exploring Land and Minerals can look for an early rise in these shares. Others who wish to purchase to secure quick profits should buy at once.

* * *

You will remember I hinted last week that I would let you have early information about another share.

* * *

I refer to the Rhodesian Central Gold Mining Company, Limited.

* * *

A market is just about to be made in these 10s. shares, and diretly they are quoted, buy, as I have every belief they will quickly appreciate in price.

* * *

I want you to get in on the ground floor, so if you like to place your order now I will give you the name of the broker who is in close touch with the market and in a position to buy for you at bottom price immediately the shares are quoted.

* * *

The Rhodesian Central Gold Mining Co. is good. I thoroughly investigated every detail before recommending them to you, and satisfied myself that the Company is acquiring a rich gold property consisting of 50 claims (about 103 acres).

* * *

I shall be pleased to supply further information to any reader, and I hope to find space for more particulars next week.

* * *

The professional preliminary gamble in Rubbers is already tempting the public to come in.

* * *

I believe we shall see another boom in Rubbers, but be careful in your selection. If you are not sure, write and let me know the amount you want to invest, and I will advise you accordingly.

* * *

Pataling is undoubtedly one of the soundest companies in the Rubber market. The yield is well over 10 per cent. The issued capital is £22,500 in 2s. shares, present price about £2 2s. 6d., and the dividend paid last year was 250 per cent.

* * *

You can buy Pataling with perfect safety.

* * *

Oil shares are still marking time, and, as I said last week, I do not look for any big movement here for another month or so, but now is the time to help yourself.

* * *

Mr. Tweedy is busy with the Maikop group, and means putting prices higher; and, what is more, he will succeed.

* * *

Among mining shares Casey Cobalt is a market tip for £1, but I believe these will see £5; the present price of the £1 shares is about £3.

* * *

I still go hip and thigh for Metropolitan Districts. They have risen three points since I advised readers to purchase last week at £39.

* * *

Districts are certain to touch £50 during the next two months. The weekly traffic for last week showed another substantial increase.

* * *

Other Home Rails have been good, especially South Eastern deferred and City and South London.

* * *

Once we are satisfied about Kent coal all southern rails will rise rapidly.

* * *

Another field which I wish to draw my readers' attention to is Egypt.

K. of K. means to run the country on a business basis. Therefore all things Egyptian are bound to improve.

* * *

The knowing ones have already been quietly helping themselves, and I want you to get in at the early door.

* * *

United Lands 10s. shares are an excellent gamble, and cheap at about 5s.

* * *

Egyption Investment and Agency seem a certainty as Lord St. Davids has taken over the company. The present price of the shares is 11s.

* * *

Delta Lands are a good market, and the £1 shares should go much better.

* * *

If you want the name of a reliable broker write to me. Have nothing to do with bucket shops.

* * *

In the industrial market Cements have been conspicuous by a rise to 6⅞. I tipped them at 5¾. A nice profit for those who bought.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

G. R. (Manchester).—I would advise you to leave Cubes Printers Ordinary severely alone.

CON (Belfast).—I am sorry you have been hard hit over Can. Pacs. Have nothing to do with Metropolitan Counties. Glad to hear you have bought Exploring Land. Buy District Ord. £100 stock, present price £42; they will see £50 in a month or two.

L. S. (Glasgow).—Buy Exploring Land and Minerals and Spies Petroleum.

H. J. T. (Bristol).—Have nothing to do with Metropolitan and Counties Investors, Ltd. I will send you the name of a broker on the London Stock Exchange if you like.

IMPATIENT (Streatham).—I give the information you want in my notes about the Rhodesian Central Gold Mining Company, Ltd.

J. R. (Bolton).—Send me all the National Share Exchange correspondence, and I will then tell you what to do.

L. B. (Hitchin).—I am afraid you have lost your money, but if you will send me all papers I will try and help you.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR WILL BE PLEASED TO ANSWER ANY ENQUIRY BY POST ON RECEIPT OF P.O. FOR SIXPENCE, OR BY WIRE, ONE SHILLING.

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"JAY" (Canterbury).—Your anecdote is such that it makes us think you must be a Blue Jay. And you live in a cathedral town, too! Naughty, naughty!

L.G. (Hampstead Heath).—The address you ask for is Davis and Co., 284, Brixton Road.

J.W. (MARYLEBONE).—A soldier who, having enlisted for seven years with the Colours, is serving abroad when he completes his seventh year of service, *may* he called upon to put in another year with the Colours. We see no particular hardship in this rule, for it is impossible always to arrange for a man to be sent home at expiration of his seven years, and in practice he is drafted home at the first available opportunity.

G.L.L. (Sandwich) asks us to explain the derivation of the term "bally" as, for example, "bally fool." Subject to correction from the compilers of the New English Dictionary, and the youngest and most infallible reporter on the *Daily Mail*, we think it comes from the "Balaam box" of newspaper offices. Said "Balaam box (or basket)" being a place in which unimportant paragraphs are kept in readiness to fill up the paper if necessary.

COMPACT (Dublin).—Possibly, but the simplest and strongest is that made by the Simplex Manufacturing Co., 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.

C.C. (Boulogne).—We always try to mind our own business, but since you are so anxious to know, we believe that the recent trouble between Lord Northcliffe and some of his staff was due to an ill-advised attempt on the part of the latter to put a strangle-hold on Alfred.

"TIM" (Douglas, Isle of Man).—Your story reminds us of one of your Manx cats—not much of a tale, but we are grateful to you for giving us this opportunity of showing off our corus-cating wit.

G.M. (Middlesbro').—Under the new rule a goalkeeper may not handle the ball outside his own penalty-area. We think it is a good rule.

W.C. (Middlesbro'.—(1) Cannot say. (2) Apply Holborn Hall College, Holborn, London, W.C., for a really up-to-date book-keeping course.

R.J.R. (Borough).—It is true that most, if not all, of the leading billiard professionals are in the pay of various billiard table-makers, but after all, why shouldn't they be?

A.F.F. (Winchester) is hereby thanked for his most AFFable letter. Put this *jeu d'esprit* down to the fact that we saw the sun one day last week.

"CYCLE" (Taunton).—When cycling with a lady you should keep on her outside, that is between her and passing traffic.

"CISSY" (Bournemouth).—Dear lady, you may not know it, but the real reason Cain killed Abel was because the latter appropriated Cain's "original anecdote"—"Please, mum, I'm not the doctor, I'm the plumber."

L.V. (Abergavenny).—Have you tried Player's Cigarettes? The medium brand would undoubtedly suit.

M.R. (Sheerness).—It is not libellous to call a man a —— fool. It is merely vulgar abuse. Very vulgar.

"SWEEP" (Streatham).—Sorry, but your stories don't soot us. N.B.—The Editor is away, flirting at Felixstowe.

C.N.D. (Crouch End).—A naval lieutenant is correctly addressed in writing as "Lieutenant So-and-So., R.N." but in conversation he is "Mr. So-and-So."

G.B. (Deal).—We are inclined to agree with your suggestion that the Rules of Golf Committee should be buried in "Hades" with niblicks driven through their midriffs. Certainly their tinkering with time-honoured rules does no good, and the only person they seem to study is the mob, who has taken up golf as a social lever and wants the game made as easy as possible.

C.G.S. (Hindhead).—It is only necessary to salute.

W.D.C. (Torquay).—Thanks very much, but we are too busy licking stamps to pay you a visit just yet.

THE I.C.S. FLYING MAN.

Mr. Robert B. Slack, a student of the International Correspondence Schools, continues to do some big things in the way of aviation, and has made a local flight for the benefit of the Croydon General Hospital. This flight occupied twenty minutes, and a circuit of twenty miles was done in view of over 2,000 people. The collection for the Hospital amounted to over £20.

The I.C.S. flying man's itinerary will include Brighton, Aldershot, Oxford, Chatham and other places.

Mr. Anicede: Do you know anything of the game laws, Miss Kennard?

Miss Kennard: Oh yes, Mr. Anicede.

Mr. Anicede: What, for instance?

Miss Kennard: You should never trump your partner's ace.

NOT QUITE SATISFIED.

The bucolic youth had been unable to come to a decision whether to buy a bicycle or to get married, and in his quandary the village parson was consulted.

The reverend gentleman pointed out that it was the duty of every man to take unto himself a wife, and a few months afterwards the youth led a blushing and buxom maiden to the altar.

"I hope, John," inquired the parson a year later, "that you don't regret taking my advice. A good woman is much better than a bicycle, eh?"

"P'raps you're right, sir," came the answer with a sigh. "I'm gittin' along pretty tidy, but if my missus 'appened to be a bicycle it's ten to one I should be gittin' the idea into my 'ead that I'd picked up one o' these 'ere second-grade machines."

WONDERFUL!

What is believed to be the most wonderful cavern in the world has been discovered in the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains, near the head waters of Fox Creek, in Kentucky.

Two or three exploring parties have ventured into its vast subterranean passages, but none has ever reached the end. The searchers report immense rooms and chambers, and innumerable transparent stalactic courts of wonderful beauty. One room has a floor as level and as smooth as a dance hall, while many others have fathomless pits.

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THE WEEK'S RACING.

BY "THE OLD HAND."

The Racing Editor will wire the best thing he knows each day for 5s. weekly, or will send a single message for 1s. Selections will be wired overnight for the benefit of readers who cannot deal with mid-day messages.

The time has now arrived when I have to give a definite selection for the St. Leger, and truth to tell, it is not an easy task to find the winner. A little time ago I was very emphatic in my opinion that Lomond would prove the best of his year, and of course, to justify that opinion, he would have had to win this race; but frankly, while still thinking he is a really good horse, I doubt very much whether he will be equal to finishing at the head of the field in the last of the classics.

A Sign of Weakness.

I am forced to this conclusion for two reasons. In the first place he has been easy to back for the last ten days, and that is not as it should be in the case of a favourite for a race of this description. The sporting papers have returned the price against him as 9—4, but it has always been possible to get 5—2 to a good amount. More important still is the fact that he has not been through an orthodox preparation; five furlong canters do not win races of this description. It was stated last week that the colt missed the Breeder's St. Leger on account of the heavy going, but to me it looks very much like a sign of weakness.

Of course, Wootton knows exactly what the horse requires—no one better—and if he is satisfied that his charge can win he may do so, but I have not enough confidence to tip him. All the candidates trained at headquarters are reported to be very fit, Maiden Erlegh especially being well spoken of. This colt's trainer is confident that the distance will not beat him, and in that case he will make it warm for some of them.

Sweeper II.'s Satisfaction.

Tracery could not possibly be doing better, and as he has not looked back since running at Epsom, there is some justification for the view that he will be hard to beat. He should certainly beat most of them that finished behind him on Derby day, with the exception of perhaps Sweeper II., who I am told has given entire satisfaction when galloped over a distance of ground. I know that the people of Stockbridge are all very confident that he will go very close.

I do not like patched-up animals, so cannot have Tagalie, though she may again confound some of the good judges. Catmint should find the course exactly to his liking, being a big, far striding animal. He has accomplished a tremendous amount of work lately, and goes in greatly improved style.

Amongst those to go to the post will be several that have no earthly chance, even amongst a poor lot, the best of which I shall take to be either

TRACERY or SWEEPER II.

The Foxhill establishment has sustained a severe loss by the death of Mossvale, who showed promise of making a useful racehorse. Early in the season she paid a tribute to Robinson's ability as past master in the art of getting his juveniles early to hand by heading a big field, and afterwards ran very consistently.

Racing this week is confined to Doncaster from Tuesday to Friday, and winds up with a quiet day at "A.P." thus making a nice change from the rush and tear of last week.

Selections :—

DONCASTER—Tuesday.

Great Yorkshire Handicap: TULLIBARDINE.
Glasgow Nursery Handicap: EASTERN ROSE.
Doncaster Welter Handicap: JAVELIN.
Stand Selling Handicap Plate: PRETTY BOLD.

DONCASTER—Wednesday.

Cleveland Three-Year-Old Handicap: MORDRED.
Bradgate Park Nursery Handicap: FLIPPANT.
Rufford Abbey Handicap: ST. BRUNO.

DONCASTER—Thursday.

Wharncliffe Handicap: WRACK.
Portland Handicap Plate: MAHSUD.
Alexandra Handicap: WILLAURA.

DONCASTER—Friday.

Prince of Wales' Nursery Handicap: PRUE.
Westmorland Welter Handicap: JESMOND.

ALEXANDRA PARK—Saturday.

Hornsey T.Y.O. Plate: MAYCUP.
Muswell Plate: QUEER FISH.

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Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, MODERN MAN, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

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Please enrol me as a Member of MODERN MAN League and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

BAGGY TROUSERS.

The average man when his trousers get "baggy" at the knees usually jams them into a press or stretcher, and behold! when they come out they are quickly baggier than ever.

Baggy trousers should not be pressed at once. They should be laid up flat, or better still, suspended by their bottoms for two or three days and then put in the press. Simple, but makes all the difference. N.B.—The crease down middle of leg is now out of fashion.

UMBRELLAS.

Having probably worn out your umbrella during Alf. Lester-like August ("always merry and bright") you will be needing a new one for the winter.

An umbrella is not a thing to economise over, for a cheap umbrella always looks what it is—cheap—and nasty.

At the same time it is easy to give too much for an umbrella. I once had an expensive all-silk umbrella, and the cover lasted no time. My experience is that a mixture of silk and cotton both looks well and wears well.

THE "GENTLEMANLY" UMBRELLA.

Many a man who is otherwise well-dressed spoils his appearance by an "ungentlemanly" umbrella. It may have cost a lot of money, but it is vulgar, being simply plastered with gold or silver mounts. The gold or silver may be genuine, but there is too much of it.

Then there is the umbrella with the imitation gold or silver mounts which deceive nobody, and merely proclaim the umbrella's owner as an underbred swanker.

If you cannot afford genuine metal have none at all on your umbrella handle.

Silver, however, is so cheap nowadays that for half-a-guinea you can get a resonably good silver-mounted umbrella.

The mounts should be plain, not chased or ornamental, though you may have your initials or monogram on the mount on the shaft.

If your handle is a wooden crook, the tip may be covered with silver, but be careful there is not too much of it.

Among the cheaper woods, cherry wood with silver mounts makes a nice crook handle.

If you prefer a straight handle, horn with a silver mount covering the joint with the shaft makes a "gentlemanly" umbrella.

The great thing is to avoid any appearance of ostentation or eccentricity.

UMBRELLA WISDOM.

Never put an umbrella away folded, at least not for any length of time.

Never put an umbrella away wet, even when unfolded, again not for any considerable period.

Open it and let it lie in the hall or some other convenient place until dry.

If you are not using your umbrella, it should be opened once a day for a minute or two.

Don't forget that an umbrella needs brushing almost as much as a hat.

BRUSHING A SILK HAT.

"Topper" (Liverpool) inquires the proper way of brushing a silk hat.

Two brushes are needed—a hard one and a soft one, or you may use a combination hard and soft brush, such as is sold by any hatter.

First brush the dust out with the hard brush, paying particular attention to the rim. If the hat is very dusty it will not hurt it to brush it against the nap to begin with, afterwards brushing it with the nap with the hard brush.

Then brush it quite smooth with the soft brush, doing the crown with a circular motion.

Finally, go over it lightly with a silk handkerchief or a velvet pad that has been slightly warmed.

DINNER JACKETS.

R.J.L. (Chelmsford) says he is having a dress suit made, and asks if I should advise him to have a dinner jacket with it.

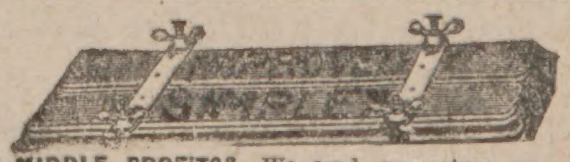
It depends largely on my correspondent's circumstances and habits.

To the man who wears evening dress only on special occasions a dinner jacket is superfluous. An evening dress coat is never incorrect, whereas there are several occasions when a dinner jacket should not be worn—for example, a dance or a dinner party, unless the latter is a "stag" party, with no ladies present.

On the other hand, a dinner jacket is a necessity to the clubman and the man about town who "dresses" every evening of his life as a matter of course.

Therefore, my friend must judge for himself whether he would have any real use for a dinner jacket or not.

NO MORE BA GY KNEES.



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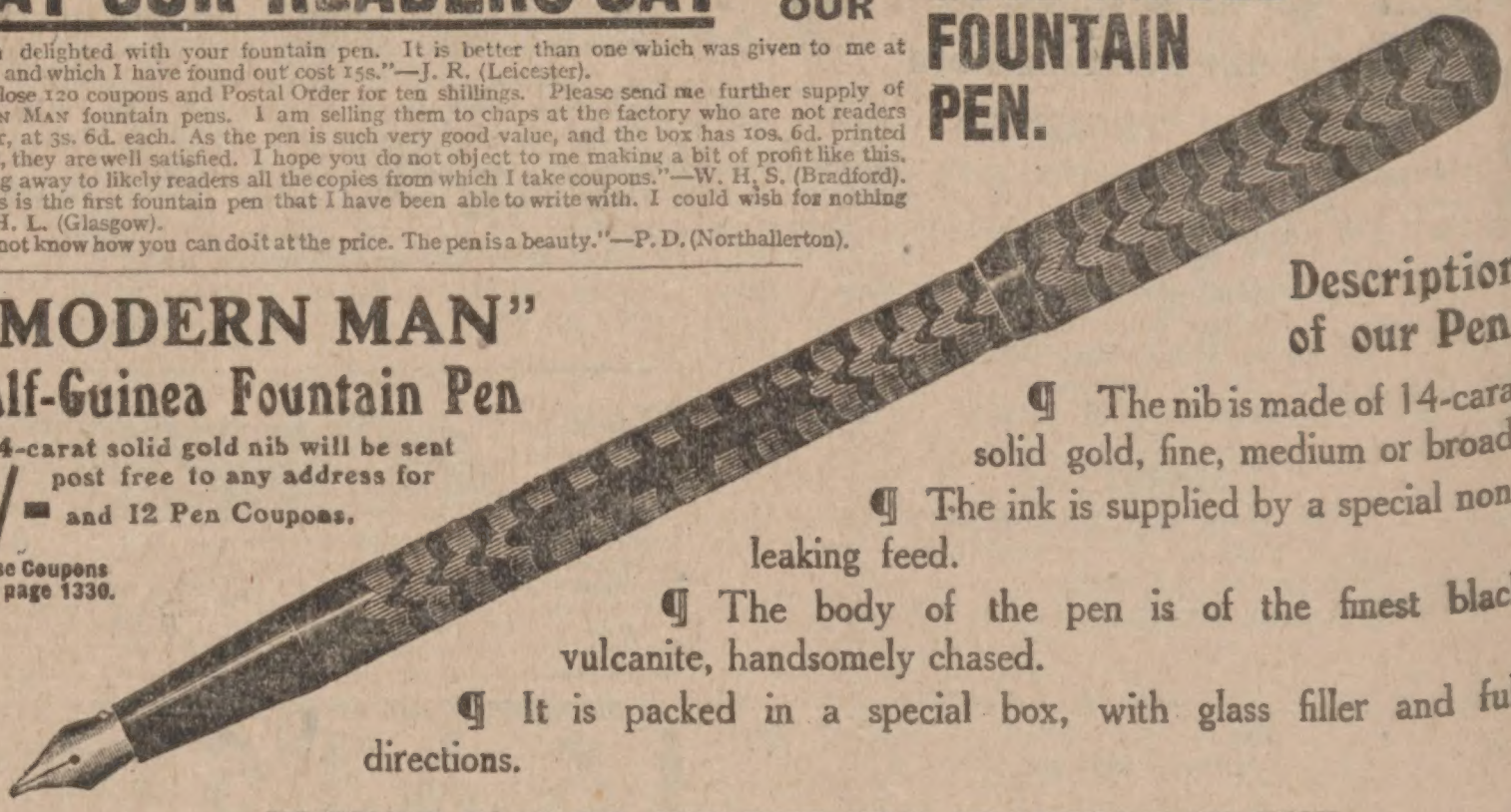

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